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The Poets of The Future



A College Anthology
for 1915-16



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The Poets of the Future
A College Anthology
for 1915-16

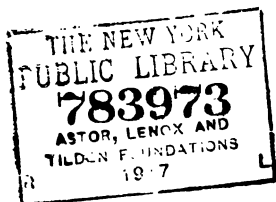
Edited by
HENRY T. SCHNITTKIND, Ph.D.

With an introduction by
WILLIAM S. BRAITHWAITE



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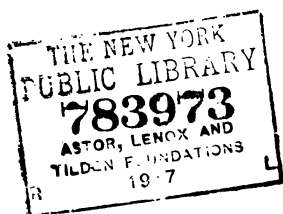
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The Singers of the Songs of
Youth This Volume
is Dedicated
by
The Editor



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The Alpine Press, Boston, Mass.

To
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PREFACE

This book contains one hundred and forty of the best poems written by American University Students during the past college year. Sixty colleges are represented in this anthology. Our purpose in publishing this book, which will become an annual event, is two-fold. We want to encourage the best literature in the universities, and to show to the poetry lovers in this country what a wealth of gems of the purest ray has hitherto been inaccessible to the public. For the age of poetry is youth, when ideals are still real and the artistic temperament has not yet been tainted through contact with the stern material realities of life. Keats did his best work at the college age; so did Shelley, so did Byron. The college student writes not for a living, but because he has something within him that will not remain unspoken.

In instituting the Harvard dramatic contest a few years ago, Mr. John Craig proved to the world that the college playwright can go the professional playwright one better in the matter of thought and technique. You will find the same to be true of college poets. The College Anthology reveals to us the literary masters of the future in the making.

Our thanks are due to the editors of the following magazines, from which we have reprinted the poems included in this anthology: *The Emory Phoenix*, *Columbia College Mercury*, *Barnard Bear*, *Loyola College Annual*, *Columbia Monthly*, *Harvard Advocate*, *Franklin & Marshall College Student Weekly*, *Cornell Era*, *The Champion*, *The Occident* (Univ. of Calif.), *Eliot Literary Magazine* (Washington Univ.), *The Blue Book* (Univ. of Me.), *Georgetown College Journal*, *Holy Cross Purple*, *Wheaton Record*, *Fordham Monthly*, *Amherst Monthly*, *Yale Sheffield Monthly*, *Smart*

Set, The Tattler (Randolph-Macon Woman's College), *Chicago Literary Magazine*, *De Paul Minerval*, *Saint Angela Quarterly* (College of New Rochelle), *Univ. of Cincinnati Scribe*, *The Mirror* (Hendrix College), *Davidson College Magazine*, *Mills College Magazine*, *Dubuque College Spokesman*, *St. Mary's Collegian*, *Oregana* (Univ. of Oregon), *Michigan Agricultural College Record*, *The Mt. Holyoke*, *Cornell Countryman*, *Boston University Beacon*, *University of Detroit Magazine*, *Wychiffe Magazine*, *Fleur de Lis* (St. Louis Univ.), *Willamette Collegian*, *Oberlin Literary Magazine*, *Clark College Monthly*, *Lumina* (St. Ignatius College), *The Bowdoin Quill*, *The Taper* (Rockford College), *The Dial* (St. Mary's College, Kans), *The Wesleyan*, *The Lake Erie Record*, *Boston College Stylus*, *The Ridge* (William Smith College), *The Mountaineer* (Mt. St. Mary's College), *The Notre Dame Scholastic*, *The Evangelical* (Albright College), *The Register*, (Suffolk Law School), *Agi-Literose* (Utah Agri. College), *The Washburn College Bulletin*, *N. C. State Normal Magazine*.



INTRODUCTION

In this anthology we have the voice of youth, youth just widening into life through idealism. There is little here as yet of experience, the kind of experience which facts thrust upon the imagination of the mature. But of that experience we have enough in the singers who lift their voices out of the confusing din of the world's conflict; these singers reach for truth and beauty through a kind of murky realization of the uncelestial substance of the world they know. Here the heart and soul stand before the gateway; beyond is what they hope, not what they see. This is, in a deeper sense than has ever before been realized, a book of college verse. Many of the colleges and universities in America are represented, and this representation may be symbolized into a gateway through which the idealistic imagination of youthful America looks upon the vista of life beyond.

How many will go on being poets to the end none of us know, and it is a question with which we should in fact, have little concern. We are concerned most deeply with the spirit of these young men and women, as it comes with expressive certainty into touch with wonder and curiosity. They are children in this, that life is yet sheltered for them; sheltered by the atmosphere in which their thoughts and interests are confined; the range of culture, "sweetness and light" for the present like a prison-house, in which they must live and speak with immortal minds, with the ancients of Greece and Rome, with Shakespeare and Milton and other master enquirers into the mystery of human life. All this is like an isle in mid-sea; a time will come, perhaps it has already come for many, when they will have to leave this isle and cross the waters for shores beyond horizons they contemplate. For some these waters will be stormy, for others placid, when the journey is on. But in either case it will be an adventure,—life is that,—and the compass for guiding the soul will be the dreams held by them in youth.

I speak with a caressing sympathy for this collection of poems. There will be plenty of critics to speak discouragingly. Such critics will pretend to love art more than human nature. I love the art of poetry indulgently, but I love human nature more so. Any one of the writers in this volume may look back upon it twenty years from now, and smile at the one moment's immortality, when the poem here preserved was born with the travail of spiritual glory. But about that smile there will be a tender light that cannot hide itself from the inner eye of the man or woman. There will be others who will perhaps, go on making poems to the end; and that end will be grateful for this beginning. Every year if this anthology of college verse is annually collected,—as is the purpose of the editor and publisher,—will witness what the youthful soul of America is dreaming about life before life swallows the individual into the swirling labors of the world. In the volume itself, is to be noted, what I think will surprise many readers. That is the variety of subjects treated. Youth after all, as we are likely to believe, is not like-minded. On the score of this collection, it appears to be less so than maturity or old age. Love and death are not eternal themes with the fresh vigilances pondering upon the opportunity to know and to testify.

A directness that has also a warm current of emotion, is what strikes me as mainly characteristic about these poems. It is often accompanied with an amazing combination of elements. From the body of this book I want to transfer this poem, which in spite of a certain looseness of rhythm, brings its sharply drawn details into the composition of a vivid picture. The poem is "Midsummer," by John Grimes.

The sky is like faded blue calico,
And the grass has withered into old age;
The sun is a scratched platter of bright brass.

A shamed old tree hunches by the road-side
Gathering its rags around its nakedness;
A buzzard roosts on a high limb.

INTRODUCTION

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The water runs through the green-mudded
stream bed
Slowly, lasciviously, reeling to this side and
that,
Like a slow, lascivious old man.

Night will come down on the shame of the tree
And tomorrow the sun will make pearls of the
water,
And tomorrow time will make diamonds of the
mud.

Our love is like drugged wine,
Or like the stale odor of cigarettes and per-
fume:
Tomorrow God will pour out the wine.

I think this Anthology will have a deep interest for readers unassociated with academic life, for its expression flows from a deeper impulse, an impulse for the renewal of one's fresh attachment with life at the source of dreams. In the poetry world it may well serve as the yearly Spring of Song.

WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE.

Cambridge, Massachusetts, November, 1916.

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The Betrothal of King Cophetua

LOUISE BOGAN

Boston University

When they had brought her at the king's behest
The courtyard dusk fell cool to her forehead's heat.
She silent stood, the sun on her bruised feet,
The evening shadow lay against her breast.
"Your name?" he asked—

"I have not any name."

Her round voice held the sound of windless streams
Fringed to the bank with grasses, of old dreams
His youth knew. His voice broke and he was mute,
But asked again "You come from out what land?"
"I have forgotten."

Under trees of fruit

He had seen her first, as they bowed in the ripening year.
Fragrant her lips with juice, and stained her hand. . .
He said "Come nearer" and she came more near.

A casket then he gave to her. Like flame
Beneath the lid, like flames into the dark
The jewels sprawled and looped and shot their spark
Star-wise: peridot, beryl, winy sard
And icy straps of diamond.

A dove

Beyond where to the sky the roof cut hard
Called, notes like heavy water to a wave
When falling, and with pain her heart knew love. . .
The box crashed, the heaped gems spilled to the pave.

Blindly through the dark to his side she came.
Her feet seemed shod with rain, so swift they were.
Like wings on her forehead folded lay her hair
And she was wild and sweet.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

"I am a king"

He said, "But if I give you jewels, lands,
And you spurn all, I have no other thing,
No more to give, if it be not love you seek."
Leaning, he took her face between his hands;
She turned her eyes to him, and did not speak.

Apocalypse

ETHEL ALLEN MURPHY

Univ. of Louisville

I went up to the hill-tops dim,
And I brought home the whole wide night,
With the twilight blue, and the stars flame-white,
And the glory of the world's far rim.


O night so vast! O world on world
Of light-entranced planets whirled
Through endless space!
Tell me how you, so finely furled,
In one small heart can find a place?

And if you tell me that, perchance I'll know
By what strange grace,
Out of the heart of God you grow!

Keening

H. N. FAIRCHILD

Columbia University



Oh, Mary, how still and white, how still and white!
Brian, dear Brian, it's your own woman speaking;
Rise up and speak to me!
Kiss me now darling, put your strong arms round me;
Don't be lying there with that crooked grin!
Brian dear, how came you by the red mark on your throat?

O chone! I'm an old fool, for he's dead surely;
But it was only yesterday he kissed me,
And went off singing down the hill.
The night before,
I'd heard a moaning and a low wailing all about the house;
A wild voice like the voice of the wind, calling,
"Brian! Brian! Brian!"
But I took the thing for an idle dream, and said nothing.
So Brian kissed me, and went off singing down the hill.

Night came on cruelly fast,
And my heart was destroyed waiting.
Mother of God, who's this coming up the hill?
Patrick Grady and Shawn Sullivan it is.
Mary, Mary, and what's that they're carrying,
So heavy, and sagging like a wet bag of sand?
Oh, it's a dead man with a hole in his throat,
And the white, still face is the face of my Brian!

Father in heaven, who did this thing?
Who was the beast slew my Brian?
Brian, my heart's comforter,
The joy of the village, the friend of little children,
The brave, the gentle, who harmed no man at all!
Oh, I'll leap up to the gates of heaven,

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Run through burning hell;
There's no angel or man or devil or fairy or beast shall
stop me
Till I find the slayer of my love.
And when I am done with him,
Even the crows and the dogs shall have small sport with
his body.
But Brian dear, all this can't bring you back to me!

Brian, dear, your lips are very cold!
One day they were warm enough, . . . do you remember?
When you met me in the woods, and the birds were
singing;
And you took me in your arms and drew me close,
Till I could not speak at all, but loved you for your
strength,
And nodded the answer!

Love, oh love,
Your eyes are like the dead embers of our old fire.
Oh, they were live coals of gladness years ago
When we stood up red and shaking before the priest
And the beautiful ring was a blessed weight on my finger.
Oh, if I had known then, Brian,
That God would send me this bitter day, . . .
I should have died then in your strong arms.
All the long years together,
What a tender comforter you were to me!
When God sent and took
The young angel He had given us to keep awhile, . . .
Michael, the wonderful boy;
You smiled at me across the little grave,
O beautiful brave heart!
But now you lie there with that dead smile on your face;
And it's too late now to be telling you of my love,
When your soul is off somewhere in the dark.
O cold lips, faded eyes, still breast. . .
Brian, my Brian is dead!

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1915-16

Weep, strong men of Aghadoe, weep!
Brian, the strongest of you all, the cheerful worker, the
 swift runner, the leaper-of-walls. . .
Brian is dead!
He will never laugh and work with you in the fields any
 more,
Some one else will be running the foot-races now.
Help me to mourn, all you kind wives and sweet maidens
 of Aghadoe,
If any among you have lost your men or your sweethearts,
You have felt the bitterness, your hearts are hot specks
 of dust, too.
Come, join the keening, tear your hair, let the tears run;
Brian is dead!
O young children, sturdy lads and tender little girls,
Brian loved you all for Michael's sake;
Look at him lying there, weep, and cry:
"Brian is dead!"

God in heaven, do you see your deed?
Is it well with you? How like you the smell of fresh blood?
Are my salt tears sweet to your cruel lips?
I curse . . . whist! What am I saying! God forgive me.
Brian, dead love,
We must be patient a little, you and I.
Father Rourke says, very soon now
We shall kiss in the golden streets of heaven.
And so till then I will be patient and calm,
Holding fast the memory of better days.
But listen, Brian;
When I see you in heaven I shall bring you a gift:
The nose and the two ears of him that slew you!

The Road to Anywhere

RUSSELL LORD

Cornell University

Ho! roll your pans in your ponchos and swing them
upon your backs;
For Anywhere is a day ahead; we must be making
tracks.

Whither, oh whither we do not know, and whither we do
not care;
Wanderers we, with footsteps free, to take us Any-
where!

We toss our coins at the crossroads and follow the way
they fall,
Or turn a back to their chosen track; it matters not
at all

Whether our road run high or low, shaded it be or bare,
Since those we be whose footsteps free fall blithe
toward Anywhere.

Our feet are free and our hearts are free, and we talk to
the folk we meet.

Wonderful human adventures fall at our questing feet.
Thought for thought to the men we meet, and a word to
the maiden fair:

These mark the way and make a day on the Road to
Anywhere.

So now we swing at a four-mile clip through the breezy,
sunny day;

And now we sprawl by a mountain stream to hear
what the waters say.

Then again along to a marching song or a slower stroller's
air,

Our footsteps fall to the errant call of the Road to
Anywhere!

The Pagan

FRANCIS T. KIMBALL

Columbia University

When the rain drinks up your footsteps with a single
 gasping gulp,
 And the hungry mud is licking of its chops,
When your clothes are plastered on you like a shroud of
 poultice-pulp,
 And the water comes in buckets when it ought to
 come in drops,
 When the sun can't even glimmer,
 When the roads are all a-shimmer,
Like the soupy, soapy splashings of a myriad of mops.

Then it's O! to shed the trimmings that have cursed a
 tired race,
 And it's back to Mother Nature in the buff,
Then it's off across the meadows at a meadow-spurning
 pace,
 With the wind against your body as you tack, and
 twist, and luff,
 Through the clover dank and smelly,
 Fogs a-swirling round your belly,
And the odor of the locusts in your nostrils keen as snuff!

Now you dance, and now you scuttle to the rain-sweet
 pipes o'Pan,
 With the drops a-dripping off your naked flesh. . .
Once you heard Astarte calling, looking backward as she
 ran,
 And she flung you back her challenge like the silken-
 throated thresh:
 She ahead like Eros singing,
 You a futile rabbit springing,
With the rain a-rolling off you just as riotously fresh!

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Then you spy a lover-hollow holding close a pretty pool,
Where the grasses ripple round them in the rain;
And you swim, and splash, and frolic, and you caper in
the cool,
Till your wanton-weary spririts spend their thrill and
start to wane. . .
Then it's back to smug conventions,
With their damnable inventions,
Where you'd give the Prophet's beard to run stark naked
once again!

The Trail by Night

DOROTHY E. CAMP

Mt. Holyoke College

Oh, an easy swing along the trail,
With the Northern Bear before you;
And a steady swing along the trail,
With the great, gold moon god o'er you.

Then deep, breathe deep the canyon wind,
And square yourself to the gale—
With a pack on your back and a goal—somewhere,
And a hobnailed boot on the trail.

Oh, work your way in the stubborn brush—
Buckthorn, greasewood, and all—
For the trail is clear to a mountaineer,
Though the sage be tangled and tall.

On, with the black pines about you,
Vine leaves brushing your face,
To the spring in the time-worn granite,
And the fire at the camping place.

The Gypsy

ROSE COLEMAN *Michigan Agricultural College*

Her heavy eyes gleamed on me full
Behind their fringe of black,
Her olive skin lay wrinkled
Where the years had left it slack,
Her teeth flashed out their smile of youth
That knew no age or time—
Her face had all the marks of youth,
Her smile was youth sublime.

Her scrawny yellow hands flung back
Her brilliant purple shawl,
And reached toward me as tho to catch
And hold me in their sprawl.
“Your fortune, Miss?” Her earrings danced—
“I tell your fortune true.”
Her lips smiled on, her eyes held mine,
She looked me thru and thru.

Mutely she seized my upturned palms
As tho their lines to trace,
She glanced them o’er, but ever looked
Once more into my face—
“Good fortune, good.” She shook aside
Her shining blue-black hair,
And told my present, future, past
In language rich and fair.

From out a garden rank with weeds
She gathered blossoms fine—
“Your past,” she said, and gave them me;
They were not really mine.
From out the failure of today
She plucked some buds most rare—
“Your present,” quoth she gleamingly;
They were, indeed, too fair.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

My future, then, she sang to me—
The song of heart's desire,
Of all the joys that earth could hold,
Or love of life inspire.
She fixed me with her heavy eyes,
And slashed the veil in twain—
I saw the dreams of years come true;
I had not dreamed in vain.

“And you allowed the gypsy witch
To tell your fortune true?”
“And you believed the stuff she told?”
And thus their scoffing grew.
“Why not believe the best?” I asked;
“The things she told to me
Were not as life has been, or is,
But as it best might be.”

She'd lived long years beneath the skies
Near Nature's golden heart,
She'd read the moaning of the winds,
She knew the sunset's art—
And may she not have learned to know
The meaning of the years,
This gypsy crone with blue-black hair,
And eyes too deep for tears?

Rime of the Plowman

R. S. CLARK

Michigan Agricultural College

It's some folks joy to hunt and fish,
Or trap the lakes an' streams,
An' some seeks recreation
In dreamin' idle dreams.
Some folks is active all the time
An' some, when pleasure calls,
Jes' polish off the top fence-rails
With the seats of their overalls.
But if it's me you're askin'
What pleasures most divert,
I like to hear the harness creak
An' smell the blessed dirt!

I like to trudge the furrer
With the lines around my back,
An' the blackbirds all a-scamblin'
Fer the bugs along my track.
I like it in the mornin'
When the breeze is brisk an' cool,
An' the kids with their shinin' dinner-pails
Go pokin' off to school.
I like to sort o' feel the wind
A-puffin' out my shirt,
An' hear the trace chains jingle
An' smell the blessed dirt.

I like to hold the handles
Where the hard-head rocks abound.
(There'd be no sport in plowing,
If it wa'n't fer stony ground.)
I like to hold 'em steady
With a grip that's middlin' strong

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

An' keep my ribs from gettin' sore
With poundin' all day long.
The rocks don't catch me nappin'
Fer my nerves is all alert—
A feller can't be sleepy
An' smell the blessed dirt.

I like to see the horses sweat,
An' sweat myself as well.
It ain't no harm to horse nor man
So fer as I can tell.
An' I like to stop an' rest my team,
An' loosen up their reins,
An' slacken up on their belly bands,
An' straighten out their manes,
An' pull their collars forward
If I think their shoulders hurt,
An' sprawl myself upon the ground
An' smell the blessed dirt.

An' when the bell reminds me
That the hour is gettin' late,
I like to drop their traces
An' drive 'em to the gate.
I like to take their bridles off, -
An' really I don't think
Of much that I like better
Than to watch my horses drink.
I like to see 'em snort an' blow
An' make the water squirt,
After workin' all the mornin'
Plowin' up the blessed dirt.

The city has no charms fer me
That anyways compares
With the joy I get in plowin'

With a spankin' team of mares.
An' when I'm through at evenin'
An' doin' up the chores,
I thank the Lord who lets me work
In His big out-of-doors.
The farmer's life's the life fer me,
An' freely I assert
The grandest thing about it
Is to plow God's blessed dirt.

Eternals

GUSTAV DAVIDSON

Columbia University

A thousand times I gazed up at the stars
And thought: "How can ye, changeless the ages
through,
Keep fresh your glory to our mortal view?"
And yet, as I behold them this fair night,
How strangely new!

A thousand times I wearied of the world,
And cried out, as despair within me grew:
"What hast thou, life, still beautiful or true?"
And yet, amidst a whole grey world of doubt,
Springs faith anew!

The Mill Race

GRACE EDGINGTON

University of Oregon

I am the leaves of the trees that lean
Over the still mill race;
Swinging and lifting, devising shifting
Patterns in shadow lace;
 Swish of water and slim canoe,
 Silver of voices threading through—
Oh, these are the sounds that steal through the green
When you are the leaves of the trees that lean.

I am the lark that mounts with the dawn,
Over the race and the meadows;
I sing to the sun and the current a-run,
And the dew in the dwindling shadows;
 Calls and laughter and flash of canoe,
 Flicker of crimson shuttling through,
Joyous, illusive, gaining, gone—
When you are a lark on the race at dawn.

I am the stars of the velvet gloom,
That burn by the glimmering way;
Cresting the rise of the trees eye-wise,
Till the long night melts in gray;
 Vapor of laughter and ghost of song,
 Silence and murmurs and silences long—
They float, they float, light-winged as spume—
When you are the stars of the velvet gloom.

The Dance Divine

VIRGINIA T. BIDDLE *University of Cincinnati*

I was the dancing maiden of the king,
Flitting in silken veils before his throne,
Flowerwise to win a smile; braiding my hair
With sea-deep pearls to gain a drunken glance;
Favored beyond all minions, since my feet
Flashed bright as sunbeams and my naiad arms
Wreathed the warm air like reeds that kiss the wind.
Then came a moon skinned slave girl, eastern eyed,
Fair as that famed Salome: Herod gazed,
Loved her beyond me, half forgot my name,
Till I, neglected, like a withered bloom,
Whitened unnoticed; bitterly I learned
How transient is the favor of a king.

Suddenly o'er their heavy festivals
An eastern star burst blazing! dull with wine
They heeded not, but I alert through grief,
Marveled and followed in its glistening wake;
Out of the jasper portals, down the steps
Where beggars crouched in sleep; over the streets,
Warm from the pressure of a thousand feet,
Past crowded hovels, past the noisy inn,
Till, to a quiet stable, groping, lo—
I found the king!

Wrapped in the midnight shade
I watched the wise men offer royal gifts,
I watched the shepherds worship and depart,
I watched the Angels shining in the dark,
But I, from out the tainted halls of gold,
Stained with sick mem'ries, shaméd with my life,

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

I had no gift to offer, saving sin!
I loosened my long hair to hide my face,
Veiled like a light, sandaled in fragrant silk,
I danced before Him, humbled and forlorn.

Fleet then across the darkness, shod with stars,
The angels danced beside me, slender-winged
Followed my silent measures; dipped and swayed,
Touching my hands with crystal finger tips,
Until He laughed to see our silver maze
And slumbered in His slumbering mother's arms.
Then, I too, laughed at last, and understood
I was the dancing maiden of the King!

Our Lady's Mite

STEPHEN L. SADLER

Holy Cross College

"And to offer sacrifice . . . a pair of turtle doves."

I quaff the wines of life, and for them sell
The treasures of God's temple—mine own soul!
Still, parched my lips—I buy the wealth of Hell!
Two doves is the price of God.

Two humble doves! My God! how cheap thou art!
I squander much and gain so little good,
Thy mother, wiser, bargained heart for heart—
Two doves Her Price for God.

Spirits of love! Deathless like the Child you won!
Methinks you are two loving hearts, or else
Two children's thoughts or prayers, or kindness done.
Two doves! The price of God.

Watches of the Night

GUSTAV DAVIDSON

Columbia University

Tolled is the knell
Of another bustling day gone by.
The songs of labor and the sounds of strife
Have won a several hours' surcease.
Now the whole world sleeps,
And over all there rests a holy calm.
Scarce stirs a wind, drowsed in its own sweet balm.
There is a magic in the air that tells of life
Borne to vales of vision and of peace.
The whole world sleeps;
And in the watch-tower of the sky
Some mighty spirit, deeper than the stars,
Stands sentinel!

Incarnatio Sempiterna

GERALD L. CLARK

St. Mary's College

O how the thought of God attracts! How sweet
To kneel, unnoticed, all absorbed in prayer,
And speak our gratitude and thanks most meet
For all His love and providential care
Of each, each single soul; and ponder how
God loves His own, and loves them to the end!
How staggering, my God, the thought that Thou
Once took on flesh and frailty to descend
On lowly earth, that God be Man, man God!
Nor yet enough! Thy ready Wisdom knew,
Thy Love unending prompted Thee a mode
To bide for aye. Thou gavest man to do
As Thou hadst done, and thus by highest art
Renew Thine Incarnation in each heart.

Song of Our Lady

JOSEPH W. SINGLETON

Campion College

Sing softly, little Angels, softly sing!
Wake not my little Jesus! Guard his sleep!
Hum gently lest your joyful caroling
Wake Him too soon ere yet the grey dawn creep
 Into the starry sky.
 Sing Him a lullaby!
 Some baby-song, hushful and mild,
 Sing to my sleeping Child.

Blow softly, winter winds, O softly blow!
Let no loud roaring wake my little King!
Subdue your sobs to music sweet and low,
And join your song to those the Angels sing
 In common melody!
 Sing Him a lullaby!
 A baby-song, hushful and mild
 Sing to my sleeping Child.

Beat softly, thou my heart, O softly beat!
Wake not His baby-slumber at my breast!
The tumult of thy bliss is wildly sweet;
But conquer it, my heart, and let Him rest!
 Find easement in a sigh,
 A gentle lullaby!
 Some baby-song, hushful and mild,
 Sing to my sleeping Child.

The Death of a Child

BABETTE DEUTSCH

Barnard College

Are you at ease now?
Do you suck content
From death's dark nipple pressed to your pale lips?
Now that the fever of the day is spent
And anguish slips
From the small limbs,
And you lie lapped in rest,
The young head pillowed soft upon that iron breast.
No, you are quiet,
And forever. Tho
For us the silence is so loud with tears,
Wherein we hear the dreadful-footed years,
Echoing, but your quick laughter never.
Never your stumbling run, your sudden face
Thrust in bright scorn upon our solemn fears.
Now the dark mother holds you close;—o you
We loved so, how you lie
So strangely still, unmoved so utterly,
Dear yet, but oh a little alien too.

Lines

WILLIAM HILLMAN

Columbia University

Dream on, lest grief should break thy heart;
There is no truth, no life, no hope,
But dreams can make them, they can start
A quickened soul whose hands shall grope
With fingers faint to touch the feet
Of God. What if a star should fall,
A flower fade that once was sweet?
Hast thou thy dreams? Then thou hast all.

The Sandman

JOHN SAIDMORE

Dubuque College

Who is the Sandman and whence does he come?
Where stands the lonely city of his home?
 Beyond the world's wide streets of toil and haste,
 He robs the ocean of its shore-tossed waste,
He fashions pillows of the lazy foam.

His warm soft fingers sprinkling dreamful sleep,
Have garnered rest from caves that sea-nymphs keep.
 He studies in the school of moonlit drowsy hours,
 His books are cradling trees and nodding flowers,
And fair-eyed stars that from night's quiver leap.

His heart is big as the low moon's round face,
And all its chambers brim with thoughts of grace,
 It is an arsenal to war with pain,
 A store-house packed with comfort's precious grain,
A mill-pond whence bright streams of kindness race.

His ears are full of every lullaby
That ever rose from earth or sea or sky.
 He listens to the elves that tramp in dew,
 And to the bees that scent their fragrant clue,
And drib and drab where banks of blossoms lie.

His eyes are charts of wonder kept aglow
To guide the barks that slumber strives to row
 Amain the dream-flamed reefs of childhood's bay.
 On roads of light God's angels crowd his way,
A boundless bordered world of living snow.

God bless his shoulders and their golden freight,
His footfall pleading at the twilight gate,
His mantle dark against the starlit blue,
The shrouded sleep his potencies renew—
God bless his coming and all those who wait.

Pickaninny

H. R. OWEN

Cornell University

Won't yuh come out, Pickaninny?
Li'l niggah, don't say no.
Ah'se so awful lonesome, honey,
Wif no sweetheart any mo'.

Ah jest couldn't help to kiss yuh,
Wif yo face so close to mine.
It was jest like stealin hoe-cake;
Only hoe-cake ain't so fine.

Ah've got lots of things to give yuh.
Ah won't tease yuh, li'l gal.
We'll be jest the same ole playmates.
Yuh can be mah li'l pal.

Won't yuh come out, Pickaninny?
Won't yuh let up on dat frown?
Honest, life jest aint wuth livin'
When yuh ain't a pokin' roun'.

Wash Day in de Skies

VELONA PILCHER

Mills College

It's wash-day in de skies today,
Dey's working hard up dare,
An' all de little angels am a-scrubbing up de air;
Marse Sun, dat lazy critter,
He am done refuse to rise,
He's gone and hid, lak my old man,
Cause it's wash-day in de skies.

Dey sure am gwine to clear things up,
Way high dare in de skies,
De clouds 'ul be big soap-suds,
An' de sky gwine hurt our eyes.
Dey spill a lot o' water,
But it's right, I done surmise,
Cause "Missus Earth" smell sweet down heah,
When it's wash-day in de skies.

"What makes de water, Mammy?"
Am dat what dis chile cries?
Why, doan' yer know, my honey,
Dat tears, dey nebber dries,
An' when you pickaninnies
Am full ob sadful sighs,
God gathers up de tear-drops—
An' has wash-day in de skies.

Children of America

LILLIAN PORTER

University of Oregon

He was a man of America,
The heavy overalls and coarse shirt
Covered a body that radiated strength.
By his stout hand great clods of earth were moved
 and the cultivating of the universe begun.
Yet a stranger in garments not of the soil
Pressed something hard and metallic into the toiler's
 hand,
And the shovel fell to the earth with a clang!

She was a woman of America,
The bright robe and soft curve of her cheek
Proclaimed a knowledge of the joy and harmony of life,
Of the touch of a child's grimy fist
And the strong love of a husband.
Yet a stranger in robes not of joy
Pressed into her hand the price of wealth,
And she went forth from the fireside
While her children bitterly wailed!

They were the children of America.
In their hands they held the rich, dark soil.
They laughed as the sun fell and warmed the earth,
But far beyond shone a coin in the dust,
And I saw the glitter in a child's eyes.
Silent, I turned to the great heavens and the broad,
 open sky.

The Order of Creation

S. M. CRISP, JR.

Davidson College

Did you ever read, young gent'men, when you's stud'in in yo'
books

At de college up de hill dare, where I often pass an' looks,
Did you ever stop an' study 'bout de way de world wuz made,
How de Lawd got ready everything an' den he took an'
said:

"All things I'se made is good," saysse, "'bofe de mountain,
sea an' lan',

'Nin my image, to rule over dem, I'se gwine ter make er
man?"

I heared it preached erbout at church but I nach'ly couldn't
see

How come de man's creation de last of all was left to be.

I used ter study 'bout 'ter heap when I ploughed an'
chopped my crop,

An' bymby, one day, it come to me right sudden like, ker-
plop!

An' den I seed as plain as day things wuz boun' ter be dat
way.

If God had mad Ole Adam fust, Adam den'd be sho' ter say,

"You see dis grass an' yerbs, an' trees, de heabens wid de
birds flyen' thru 'em?

I'm sholy nearbout tired to deaf, I helped de Lawd ter do
'em!"

De Lawd don't want no argument as soon as Eden's planted,
He made man last an' den you see, folks take it all fer
granted.

The Hemp

(*A Virginia Legend*)

STEPHEN VINCENT BENET

Yale University

I

THE PLANTING OF THE HEMP

Captain Hawk scourged clean the seas,
(Black is the gap below the plank.)
From the Great North Bank to the Caribbees,
(Down by the marsh the hemp grows rank.)

His fear was on the seaport towns,
The weight of his hand held hard the downs.

And the merchants cursed him, bitter and black,
For a red flame in the sea-fog's wrack
Was all of their ships that might come back.

For all he had done one word alone,
One clod of dirt in their faces thrown,
"The hemp that shall hang me is not grown!"

His name bestrode the seas like Death,
The waters trembled at his breath.

This is the tale of how he fell,
Of the long sweep and the heavy swell,
And the rope that dragged him down to Hell.
.....

The fight was done, and the gutted ship,
Stripped like a shark the sea-gulls strip,

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

And the days pass, and the weeks pass,
And nothing changes but the grass.

*But down where the fireflies are like eyes,
And the damps shudder, and the mists rise,
The hemp-stalks stand up toward the skies.*

And down from the poop of the pirate-ship,
A body falls — and the great sharks grip.

Innocent, lovely, go in grace!
At last there is peace upon your face.

And Hawk laughs loud as the corpse is thrown,
“The hemp that shall hang me is not grown!”

Sir Henry's face is iron to mark,
And he gazes ever in the dark.

And the days pass, and the weeks pass,
And the world is as it always was.

*But down by the marsh the sickles beam,
Glitter on glitter, gleam on gleam,
And the hemp falls down by the stagnant stream.*

And Hawk beats up from the Caribbees,
Swooping to pounce in the Northern Seas.

Sir Henry sits sunk deep in his chair,
And white as his hand is grown his hair.
And the days pass, and the weeks pass,
And the sands roll from the hour-glass.

*But down by the marsh in the blazing sun,
The hemp is smoothed and twisted and spun,
The rope made and the work done.*

III

THE USING OF THE HEMP

Captain Hawk scoured clean the seas,
(Black is the gap below the plank.)
From the Great North Bank to the Caribbees.
(Down by the marsh the hemp grows rank.)

He sailed in the broad Atlantic track,
And the ships that saw him came not back.

And once again, where the wide tides ran,
He stooped to harry a merchantman.

He bade her stop. Ten guns spake true,
From her hidden ports, and a hidden crew,
Lacking his great ship through and through.

Dazed and dumb with the sudden death,
He scarce had time to draw a breath,

Before the grappling-irons bit deep,
And the boarders slew his crew like sheep.

Hawk stood up straight, his breast to the steel,
His cutlass made a bloody wheel.

His cutlass made a wheel of flame,
They shrank before him as he came,

And the bodies fell in a choking crowd,
And still he thundered out aloud,

"The hemp that shall hang me is not grown!"
They fled at last. He was left alone.

Before his foe Sir Henry stood.
"The hemp is grown and my word made good!"

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THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

And the cutlass clanged with a hissing whirl,
On the lashing blade of the rapier.

Hawk roared and charged like a maddened buck.
As the cobra strikes Sir Henry struck.

Pouring his life in a single thrust.
— And the cutlass shivered to sparks and dust.

Sir Henry stood on the bloodstained deck,
And set his foot on his foe's neck.

Then from the hatch, where the rent decks slope,
Where the dead roll and the wounded grope,
He dragged the serpent of the rope.

The sky was blue and the sea was still,
The waves lapped softly, hill on hill,
And between one wave and another wave,
The doomed man's cries were little and shrill.

The sea was blue and the sky was calm,
The air dripped with a golden balm,
Like a windblown fruit between sea and sun,
A black thing writhed at a yard-arm.

Slowly, while all men might see,
The ship sank, and the gallows- tree,
And there was nought between sea and sun,
Nought but the sun and the sky and the sea.

*But down by the marsh, where the fever breeds,
Only the water chuckles and pleads
For the hemp cleaves fast to a dead man's throat
And blind Fate gathers back her seeds!*

Why Not?

HELEN STIX

Washington University

“Hands up—
Quick now—
And shut your mouth.
You, Bill, hold that revolver steady
While I search the ugly brute.
—Not here—nor here—
Well, damn your eyes,
What did you steal?
Aha! Sardines,
A hunk of cheese,
And fifty cents!
Sure, bloke, you’ll get
Two years for this.
—Your kids are starving,
And you can’t get work?
Tough luck—I’ve heard
That tale before—
You tell it to the judge.
—Whose house is this?
Boss Fleming? That’s a joke:
Stole fifty thousand from the campaign fund
And drives his own machine.
—It’s hell, boys, ain’t it?
—Come now—speed it up.”

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Selection from "Coaltown Anthology,"
Edith Rubright

ALBERT B. SEADLER

Columbia University

From the very beginning I was wrong:
My legs were thin, and bent;
My fingers wouldn't stay still,
They twitched—and jerked—and scratched—
And clawed at my clothes.
When I tried to talk
I drooled at the mouth.
When I tried to walk through the town
People looked at me, and said I was an imbecile:
Though I didn't want them to know.
They stared at me, and whispered,
"Poor thing, she's better dead." . . .
I am.

The Plea of Life's Cares

C. A. LINGEMANN

University of Detroit

Fear us not, spurn us not,
Cry not "Away!"
Shall we not cloud for thee
Life's garish day?
Lose not thy patience when
We cross thy will;
Thoughtless man, bear with us,
We work no ill.
Fear us not, spurn us not,
Cry not "Away!"
Shall we not help thee gain
Heaven's fair day?

Antwerp

ALFRED E. LONGUEIL

Boston University

Clattering, clattering, clattering over the pavements,
Pitiful clogs, clogs of the little ones' feet—
What is the meaning, the meaning of all this clattering?
Tell me, now, is it meet
That ere the light morning has broken the children should
play in the street?

Out of the wavering mist shadow multiple faces,
Great sleepy eyes, little heads heavy with sleep,
Multiple figures half clothed—Ah, how the clattering
Stumbles! Pray, is it meet
That in the dank breath of the dawning the children
should stray in the street?

Dying, dying, dying, the clattering vanishes.
All the city is still. On the shadowy street
Doors swing wide on their hinges; hearth stones are empty;
Homes are no more. Ah, how meet
That the pitiful, blameless children should pay the full
score of defeat!

The End

RICHARD L. MASTEN

Amherst College

In the drifting smoke of battle
'Mid the noise of shrieking shell,
In the sweating toil of killing,
In the flame and reek of hell
As we feed the belching cannon
Seeing nothing, thinking death,
Lacking time to rest, though wearied,
Lacking time for cooling breath;
Tell us, God, to whom each morning
Prayers of friend and foe ascend,
Rising slaughter-stained, unworthy,—
Tell us, what will be the end?

Shells about us burst with fury,
Bullets lay our comrades low,
Still we feed the hungry cannon
Still we train it on the foe.
While the lines surge fierce around us,
While the rapid firers play
Singing through the air above us,
While defences rock and sway;
While we struggle, while we strangle
In the shambles we defend,—
God, who rules above the battle
Tell us, what will be the end?

As you send your whistling carnage,
As you ply your thundering hell,
As you slay your struggling brother
With your shrieking, growling shell;
As your hearts are turned to hatred
For a reason all unknown,
For the glory of an empire
For your greedy sovereign's throne,
Know ye—since the dreadful knowledge
Ye in madness have implored,—
“He who takes the sword in battle,
He shall perish by the sword.”

Victory

J. T. ROGERS

Harvard University

This is the night of revelry,
The ships creep in from out the sea,
The fight is won, from moon to sun
We drink to this our victory.

*But what of the dead, O sailor, say?
Of the gallant spirits passed away,
And the young lads gone forever.*

Ring loud the song of jubilee,
Proclaim the glory of the free,
Fill high the bowl, and let it roll,
The lordly cry of victory.

*But what of the dead, O singer, say?
Of the dead who died at the sunken day,
Where the wild waves wash forever.*

Sound forth the brazen minstrelsy,
O maiden, why dost weep to see?
Lift up thy glance, this is the dance
In glory of our victory.

*But what of the dead, O dancer, say?
The wrecks sink deep, and the waves are gray,
And the drear winds moan forever.*

O far too dark thy sorrows be,
The gallants lift their song to thee,
The feast is dight, and all delight
For joy at this our victory.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

*But what of the dead, O feaster, say?
The storm winds snarl, but no heed they pay,
Though the waves be wroth forever.*

And the wild glasses ring for thee,
The sons of war bow down to thee,
The toast is sung, the cheer is rung,
That you may joy our victory.

*But what of the dead, O lover, say?
Can the lost return, though to God we pray,
And our tears go on forever?*

Go still the sound of revelry!
Ah, bitter cup of memory!
While tears are wet, can the heart forget
The anguish of thy victory?

*And what of the dead, O maiden say?
In the twilight depths he sleeps alway,
And the dead are dead forever.*

Epitaph on Icarus

CHRYSTENE STRAITON

Barnard College

Here lieth that presumptuous one,
Who dreamt that he might touch the sun,
And fell, accursed, from Heaven's blue.
.....
But think, ye Gods, how high he flew!

A Personification

THOMAS LLOYD LENNON

St. Mary's College

I am a Mammoth: Torched are my eyes and my
Flanks are Flaked with Foam!

I was Conceived in the Passion of Hatred,
Brought Forth in Envy and Greed, Suckled at
The Breast of Infamy: And my Genealogy drips
With The Blood of Murdered Innocence!

My Mission is to Kill! To Crush and Burn and Blind,
To Waste and Wound and Maim—yes!—but First and
Last and Always, to kill, To Kill, TO KILL!

My Standard Bearers are the Seven Deadly Sins:
And in the Shadow of my Standard crouch Violence,
Malignity, Rage, Fraud, Perfidy, Thievery, Rapacity
And Lust! I am the Concentration of ALL Crime!

I Paint the Midnight Skies a Lurid Glow with the
Flames of the Burning Homes I have Ravaged: In
My Train stalk Dirt, Disease, and Destination!

I am The Great Robber, The Thief in the Night:
I Steal Fathers and Husbands and Lovers and Sons
From those who Revere and Cherish and Love and
Bear Them!

I Respect neither the Feebleness of Grey Hair nor the
Helplessness of Infancy: With my Iron-shod Ruthless
Feet I Trample on the Sacredness of Virtue and the
Holiness of Innocence!

I am Wanton, I am Brutal, I am Sacrilegious!
I am Horror Decked with Diamonds!
I am a Leper lying in Purple!
I am the Mother of a Million Wrongs!
I am the Foulest Fiend Ever Loosed From Hell!
I AM WAR!

Mother Love

PETER TURCHON

Boston University

I

The last goodbyes are called;
Mothers' tears are shed anew.
Foam boils, the siren shrieks,
And the pier slides by.

Balancing on a running sea
The setting sun illumines her sable side.
Eager faces flushed with the virile glow
Of wakened youth grow dim to mother eyes.
Thrust out from the shelter of the land
Into the North Sea goes the transport.

It crawls to the edge of the world,
A moment hangs twixt sky and sea,
And then is gone.
Whispered calls linger
Ghostlike around the wharves.

What wait ye for, O wan-eyed Mothers,
Weary with the mark of Pain.
Though the transport bears your sons
To the fields of Flanders,
They must return, they must!

II

A spar cuts the sky-line!
O Mothers, with faces stamped by care,
Why do you strain your eyes
And clutch your toil-wrung hands?

An eternity and the ship docks.
The list! The list!
You hearken for his name.
With throbbing temples and pounding heart
You dare not hear, and yet await
His name. In every agonized breath
Imagination fevered by a frenzied brain
Pictures the loving form, mangled and bleeding,
Torn yet again by the fury of another shell.
His name!
"My God!—My son."

The Scars

RICHARD J. BROYLES

Emory University

Across the face of mother earth the great scars run—
The graves of soldiers, trenches, broken fields, all scars—
While God, the sad old moon, and all the myriad stars
Look on, and watch her strive to heal what man has done.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Wycliffe's Heroes

J. B. BUNTING

Wycliffe College

No earthly love detains him,
The love of Christ constrains him,
Out to degraded Esquimo,
Alone with God in the Arctic snow,
Counting all earthly gain but loss,
He travels "the way of the Holy Cross"
Christ's soldier.

In Western wilderness, fighting for purity,
Christ's patient outpost in lonely obscurity;
Kindness and Godlessness hand in hand
Barren hearts in a fertile land,
God's blessings unheeded, His love denied.
He tracks the steps of the Crucified.
Christ's soldier.

Out on the battlefield, losing to save
Comrade and leader, best of the brave,
Faith undimmed by the darkness of sin
Leading to victory without and within
True to the Lord who awaits him above
He shares the joy of the "Greater love."
Christ's soldier.

Sonnet

A. OBOLER

Cornell University

Too soon shall Destiny, Oh! Artist, Sage,
The product and the parchment of thy thought
Convert to dust, although so dearly wrought
In thankless toil, and not replaced in age.
Life's shadow will have flown, Oh! Mastermind,
And, as thy life, thy works so nobly made,
Will struggle through th' Invincible, and fade
To nothingness in regions unconfined.
When so I muse, to mind there then appears
This transient emptiness and brevity
Of Art and All conceived in toil and tears.
Alas, for what? "Oblivion," the reply
From out the dark abyss of timeless years
Wherein, alas, e'en too my plaint must die.

Inspiration

VERNON D. PARKER

Oberlin College

The glory of the colors in the cloud-swept morning sky
Endures but for a moment, and passes swiftly by;
And the wealth of color beauty fades to you, swept on
apace
To light with inspiration another's weary face.
You have had your day's bright vision, yours to carry,
yours to spread;
Now the great old sun is climbing to his highway overhead;
There to shine in all his splendor on the sweat and toil of
men.
Go forth! meet this high-flung challenge!—meet it joy-
fully, and then
When the purples of the evening, all enfolding, bid you
cease,
O'er the western trail of sunset, night will bring you
perfect peace.

Ex Post Facto

R. B. SEARLE

Yale University

I have earned my spurs in battle,
I have fought and I have won
That man-made fight for riches,
And my conquering is done.
My brow is creased and wrinkled,
My hair has turned to grey,
But my happy thoughts of boyhood,
The day-dreams—where are they?

I have lived my life in worry,
And have struggled, not in vain,
For the things I thought I wanted,
And have gained them all in pain.
Now that the fight is over,
I am wondering—did it pay?
Have not all my airy castles
Turned to dust and dry decay?

Yes, I find myself regretting
That I failed to seek and find
Something else in life—not riches—
Something other than the grind.
And it's easy, son, to grasp it,
Once you realize its worth.
Just to gain the joy of living
God put man upon the earth.

The Strong

SIGOURNEY THAYER

Amherst College

Far to the East, where the curve of the sea
Meets with the line of the sky,
Stars rise out of eternity;
Storm-driven clouds sweep by.

Twilight has faded, shadowed and grim,
Deep in the flaring West;
Gone is the gleam from the mountain's rim,
Dark is each snow-capped crest.

Out of eternity courage shall rise,
Radiant as stars, divine;
Strength from the mountain, light from the skies,
Take them, the world is thine!

Mists

TOOTS ELLISON

Oberlin College

A mist hangs low and close to the earth, all grey
And cold. It robs the sky of color bright,
And all is dusk, and flickering, bluish light,
With gathered gloom, as at the close of day,
The world all dark Oh, for one sunny ray,
For here, close by, are roses hid from sight
And out beyond the mist is pure delight
In field, and sky, and sun, or cloud astray.
Wide worlds in fairy radiance wait and gleam;—
Gloom still, above, beyond, and at my feet!
"Poor fool," the echo cries through chilly air,
"Life's all so blind, like this, a fiendish dream!"
One breath of wind, and there—the world complete
God's last and sweetest wind, and lo—all's fair.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Grit

READ BAIN

Willamette University

There's a potent, pregnant something that true-hearted
men admire,
And it isn't form or beauty and it isn't dash or fire;
It's a steady, pounding offense when the odds are very
great,
And a heady, stubborn defense when the cause is lost for
sure;
It's the soul of all good fighters who strike at man or fate,
Play clean throughout the struggle, strive, grin and—just
endure.
It's the stuff they have within them,
That lets no knock chagrin them,
Take it, smile—and hit—
It's Grit!

There's a wild and tameless challenge that denies a beast
or man,
That says "You may outplay me, you must win it if you
can,
But I'm here to strength-dispute it till the final whistle
shrieks,
And you'll find your path blockaded though you still may
stumble through;
But I'm here to stand the stamping, I am a man who
speaks,
And I stand or fall thus speaking; 'tis all a man can do!"
Such are men who take a licking
Take it smiling, never kicking,
Keep coming, never quit—
Pure Grit!

It's the thing the world is needing in the life-game every-
where,
The strength that passes knowledge, the fighter's Samson
hair.
The strong will kill the weakling, but this spirit is not
weak,
It's the everlasting something that wins its goal at last;
The earth shall stand and listen when the Never-conquered
speak,
When the final Game is over and the season's strain is past.
All who strike at them shall know it,
For the fighters always show it,
Not wisdom, brains or wit,
But Grit!

Success

GRACE SUE NIES

Boston University

As birds that strive in the stormy sky,
Their strength to the winds are losing;
Whether they rise, or whether they fall,
Their wings grow strong for the using;
So they that toil at the hopeless task
With the might of body and soul,
Whether they fail, or whether they win,
Will find at the end their goal.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Yearning

JAMES E. HARDWICK

St. Louis University

Joy is the silent undertow
Of life's full tide of sorrow,
A clouded day's red afterglow
That bodes a bright tomorrow.

The joy, that's but an undertone
In earth's sad psalmody,
Will be the theme that swells alone
In heavenly symphony.

Though here we eat the bread of tears
With sparing smiles to leaven,
Our frugal fare the more endears
The wedding feast in heaven.

The patient soul, that bides behind
The body's prison bars,
Unchained, released, shall swiftly find
A Home beyond the Stars!

Song

LAWRENCE W. COUGHLIN

St. Ignatius's College

Fare on, O beautiful ship, fare on
With your sailor lads over the sea,
For there's many a heart where care hath part,
Thinking on thine and thee.

And there's many a one shall climb the crag,
When thy sails o'er the main appear,
And their fears forget with lashes wet
As kindred and friends draw near.

The Road

C. E. FOOTE *Randolph-Macon Women's College*

The white road lies before me, dusty, straight,
And what's to come too like to what has been,
To rouse within my heart one feeble hope
That this way lies adventure; over all
The glistening air of noon dances like water.
Weary my soul, and wearier still my feet,
That scarce can lift themselves above the dust;
But in despair I stumble blindly on,
Too sad to weep, too full of wrath to curse
The fate that drives me down a path unkind.
Against the too-bright sun I close my eyes;
To shut out pain I close my heart to joy.
Ever I shuffle onward in the dust.

Oh, marvel! whither have I wandered blind?
Close to the water's edge the white birch stands
Lifting her skirts and dancing with the breeze.
The weeping willow trails her fingers slim
In the cool brook; the robin's noon-day song
Fills all the air with vivid, throbbing joy.
The cool grey moss offers a resting place;
Against its softness press my burning cheeks.
And like the willow in the brook I bathe
My hot hands. All the world is peace and love.

My soul! The utter joy of starlit night!
The steadfast trees stand dark against the sky.
The voices of the night are hushed to hear
The words: "Be still and know that I am God."

Gypsies

EVERETT H. SMITH

Clark College

Come, let's be gypsies,
You and I,
And roam among the sun-kissed fields
Beneath the autumn sky.

With no false goal to keep in mind,
Onward we'll press, nor look behind;
Adventure's brazen trump we'll wind
And take whate'er it yields.

We'll tramp the woodlands
Through the fall;
But when the bleak of winter chills
We'll heed the fireside's call.
And then we'll act quite staid and plain,
And never show our gypsy strain
Until, with spring, we roam again
Among the waiting hills.

Come, then, like gypsies,
You and I,
Will roam among the sun-kissed fields
Beneath the autumn sky.
There shall we never know a care
Though showers sweep and hot suns glare;
While life is light and love is fair,
We'll take whate'er it yields.

Ships of the Bay

JOHN LANDON COOLEY

Columbia University

Where do you sail when you sail away,
Ships of the Bay, Ships of the Bay—
Where did you sail when you sailed today
Over the sparkling, gleaming Bay?
 "Over the gleaming water
 Over the dreaming water,
 Over the beaming Bay,
 We sail when we sail away."

Where do you skip when you skip away,
Skiffs of the Bay, Skiffs of the Bay—
Where do you dance in your dance so gay,
Out on the glad, carousing Bay?
 "Over the white-capped water,
 Over the wind-slapped water,
 Over the sun-wrapped Bay,
 We skip when we skip away."

Where do you spurt when you spurt away,
Tugs of the Bay, Tugs of the Bay—
Where do you shove your short snouts of gray,
Out on the busy, teeming Bay?
 "Bustling over the water,
 Hustling over the water,
 Tussling e'er with the Bay,
 We spurt when we spurt away."

Where do you slink when you slink away,
Barge of the Bay, Barge of the Bay—
Who gave you to work while others play
Out on the merry, saucy Bay?
 "To slink o'er gleaming water,
 To slouch o'er teeming water,

Gypsies

EVERETT H. SMITH

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Beneath the autumn sky.
There shall we never know a care
Though showers sweep and hot suns glare;
While life is light and love is fair,
We'll take whate'er it yields.

Ships of the Bay

JOHN LONDON COOLEY

Columbia University

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 "Over the gleaming water
 Over the dreaming water,
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 Hustling over the water,
 Tussling e'er with the Bay,
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Barge of the Bay, Barge of the Bay—
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Out on the merry, saucy Bay?
 "To slink o'er gleaming water,
 To slouch o'er teeming water,

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

To plod o'er dreaming water
They made me Barge of the Bay."

Where do you slip when you slip away,
Dreams of a Day, Dreams of a Day—
Where did you slip when you slipped today?—
Over the sparkling, gleaming Bay?
 "Over a shimm'ring water,
 Over a glimm'ring water,
 Over a trackless Bay,
 We slip when we slip away."

The Waterfall

FREMONT TAYLOR

Macalester College

Smoking and feathering falls the spray,
Splashing the spar-crusted granite under;
The desperate waters crash and thunder.
 Chattering aspens and birches gray
 Wag their heads with a knowing mien.
Peacefully dreaming in zephyr and sun
With prudence this river might always have run,
 And made a valley blooming and green.
The sombre spruces above the fall
View wreck and despair and a profitless brawl;
 But children that laugh on the rocks below
 See in the torrent a gorgeous bow.
I wish to descend by small degrees
From youth's narrow lake to the shoreless seas;
 But if I should hurtle in thunder and spray,
 May the sun be high and the skies be clear,
 And long-buried brightness one moment appear
 To paint a gay crescent for children at play.

Sea Visions

KATHERINE HARROWER

Barnard College

They say that when the sea
Gathers the drowning to her breast,
Calm in the stillness or the roaring storm,
All that they knew, or thought they knew,
Or wished they knew, or dreamed they knew,
Comes like a glowing dream from that eternity
Of worlds, which passeth all material understanding.
For, while the speed of drowning and of death
Carries the soul out from the press of flesh,
Down through the vast, stupendous, sea-sphered
world,
Down through the caves and wilderness unfathomable,
The Sea and all her thousand, thousand lives
Touch with kind hands, and knowledge-giving lips
The half-bewildered, half-unfettered soul;
Till, with a flash of swift-remembered joy,
Up from the cool and comprehending depths,
Up with the speed of fresh-found life in death,
The new-freed soul flings up and up and on,
To that high star where Life and Death dissolve
Into Eternity of Light and Space and Time.
And so . . .
And so they die, those that go down,
Down to the sea in ships!

The Teacher

FREMONT TAYLOR

Macalester College

A growing mind is like a harp whose strings
Incorporate each passing melody;
Each harmony or discord in them rings
To swell or mar all future minstrelsy.
So you who venture such a harp to play,
With careless touch its chords should never sound,
For they who lead such little ones astray
Were better in the deepest ocean drowned.
But as a cave-blind miner loves to see
The clear, warm sunshine brighten hill and plain,
So, when false notes are brought to harmony,
Showing that toil and care are not in vain,
The teacher's heart is gladdened when he hears
As if it were the music of the spheres.

To the Statue Venus de Melos

J. B. NOSS

Franklin and Marshall College

Carved by what incommunicable art,
Hast thou surviv'd the abrasion of the years,
Thou goddess, grace incarnate, whose compeers
Are only in the living? O'er each part
Of thy perfected whole what poet heart
Hath plied laborious chisel? Felt what fears?
What hopes? What pride that filled the eyes with
tears?
Where pedestaled in thronging Grecian mart,
Rose-tinted by the dawn's refulgent rays,
Hast thou loomed up white-gleaming, bending so?
Where in the gathering dusk's intenser peace
Have red lips parted at thee in amaze?
What bright eyes warmed? What voice breathed o'er
thee low?
Imperishable art's mute masterpiece!

Beauty

JOHN A. ALLEN

Cornell University

Men call thee the fair, the one pure good.
Before thee they bow in reverence that is without fear;
Holy art thou, and sweetest of the gods of men.
Thou art gold and brown in the woods at autumn,
Thou trailest softly across the evening sky, like the wind
 in a wind-harp,
Thou standest silent and awful among the mountains.

Thee men worship in building and statue,
Thee they serve with life and with longing,
Seeking to win thee and hold thy soul in wood or in marble,
Seeking to bring thee down, and hold thee incarnate forever.

But thou—thou art greater than all thine images,
Thy hush is black over the forest at midnight,
The owl is thy herald when the moon climbs over the hill-
 top,
Thou liest holy in the ghost-day of moonlight,
Thou art promise and peace in the rose of the morning.

What man shall tell of thee to his neighbor?
Who shall confine thee in a picture, that others may know
 thee again?
Nay—thou standest awful among the mountains,
Thou trailest lightly across the sunset,
Thou liest holy in the moonlight,
Thou art peace in the rose of the morning,
And none may tell of thine essence and glory, O Beauty.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Dawn

J. F. WILMERING

Campion College

As the song, the stillness;
As joy, pain that rends;
So the grey of morning
Night and darkness
Ends.

Grey wings of the morning
In the eastern sky!
Wings of angels fluttering
While the shadows
Fly.

Wings of angels fluttering
Ere the sun arise:
May I see them glitter
Through my dying
Eyes!

Singing

GEORGE HUGH BANNING *University of California*

The sea turns the pages of darkness
For the jewels of her temple to see;
The wind puts the stanzas to music
And my soul sings the music to me.
Oh God, could I sing as my soul does
I'd sing to the world-wide throng,
And the world, as the wind, would be singing
With me to the soul of my song.

In Afternoon

HAZEL HAVERMALE

University of California

Down through the chestnut leaves, down the branched alley,
Down where before the wind the almond flowers run,
Lo, I see the silence of an old, wide valley
Where the swallows swing in the sun.
And the long, warm silences, unbroken by the river
That trails her golden fingers through the grasses to the sea,
And the soft, deep sleep where the plummy rushes quiver—
Death, is this thy country and is this for me?

O but here is quietness, O but here is dreaming,
And the mountains stand a silent guard about God's
mighty peace,
And the soundless, golden tide goes slowly shimmering and
gleaming
Down the sloping, lowland marshes to the seas.
Here is whispered laughter and silent here the carnival
Pillowed on the gathered dreams of all the gathered days;
Spring or autumn changes here, leaves nor blossoms blow
nor fall—
Death, this is thy country of a thousand winding ways.
Still are the river-meads, stilled the willows shiver,
The amber-dusted silences are waiting for a cry.
The very winds move listlessly down by the shining
river—
Death, art thou waiting till I come by?

Here in the afternoon as the shadow passes,
I know the valley that is drenched in yellow light;
Death, thy kiss is now like petals falling on the grasses.
Ah, but I shall fear thee in the still, chill night!

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

There shall lie the city like an empress with her vassals,
With a thousand ships come to her with their treasures
for her feet

Pearls from southern islands and beaten gold from castles,
Brought to fling before her that her laughter may be sweet!
There shall lie the open fields, dark and still behind her,
A gipsy standing tip-toe before the city gate
Whose torches fling their dancing lights upon her face and
blind her.

She, who came in eagerness and came too late!
Then shall I go down to them, down to them with laughter,
Arrogant and eager to tell them what I know:
Life is but a breath—death is swift to follow after!
The valley is a dream I dreamed a thousand years ago.

Down through the chestnut leaves, down the dusky alley,
Down through the evening where the chattering swallows fly,
I see the hazy silence of an old, wide valley,
And the uneven, golden ripples that reflect the dreamful
sky.

Dimly now I see it through the leaves upon the grating,
For above the moonlit roofs the white and flaming Pleiads
flee,
Ah, but it is still the same—the very air is waiting,
And the waters move reluctant to the sea!

Twilight

RICHARD C. KROEGER

Washington University

When the sun
Falls
Into the pools of wheat—
Where the sands roll down from Fugi
To the purple ocean
And the pheasant swings on the bamboo stem
Like a streak of flame,
Calling through the reeds
Softly
To her mate—
When the willows quiver,
Filled with swallows,
And the boys come home from the rice fields,
Last—
I will come up to you
Through the heavy evening
And the little gods will bless us.

Drifting

RALPH J. SYBERT

Loyola College

When moon beams glint upon the sands,
And elfin shapes in shadows play,
My little birchen bark I board
And softly pipe a crooning lay.

As drifting down the silv'ry stream
I mark some whirling eddy's scope,
May life's deceptive whirl, I pray,
Thus leave unharmed my bark of hope.

Pitter Patter

JOYCE CHENEY

University of Maine

Years away o'er leagues of waters
Sleeps a Land of Cherry Bloom,
Fujiana towers over —
O'er the patter of the shoon
Of the little sandaled shoon.

Paper houses light as feathers
Tucked among the green-blue grass
Of the gardens where the sandals
Scuffle, shuffle in the grass,
Pitter patter as they pass.

Ivory-tinted flower faces
Bend low where the Buddha dreams,
Hearing just the pitter patter
Of the sandaled feet that gleam
Little heathen shoon that gleam.

Shadows lengthen, dusk is falling,
And the dropping of the rain
Makes me think I hear the patter
Of the sandaled feet again,
Patter of the shoon again.

Hawaiian Sonnet

GENEVIEVE TAGGARD

University of California

Soft heaves the breathing lap where waters seep
Along the coral way. I hear the fall
And rise of leaping tides . . . the lazy drawl
Of tongued waters climbing on the steep.

The ripples whisper in their circling sweep
And edge along the willows near the wall.
The night is dumb with languor and the tall
Whites lilies near my door are caught in sleep.

Oh world, I watched you in your wild caprice,
Heart to your heart, I lay, dust to your dust;
And have I learned mere fancies blown with gust

And gale? What is this sense of certain peace?
What peace is this that sees the future traced
Through windy turmoil, yet stands quiet-faced?

Stimuli

MILTON E. SCHATTMAN

City College, N. Y.

I looked upon a flower
And my soul became God's soul,
So I wrote that it was God.
The critics said:—"What a poet!"

I looked upon a woman
And God's soul became my soul.
So I sang that she was God.
The critics said:—"What a woman!"

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Moonlight

ERNEST E. BLAU

Georgetown University

Upon an ocean's floor are we;
A fathomless and unfelt sea
 Is washing through the gloam:
And yonder hovel dim and soft
Melts in the pearl-light from aloft;
 The shadow of a home.

Lo! Phantoms swim the languid depths;
I long to tread up mountain steps
 Not worn and hollowed yet;
Where canyons cradle in their jaws
The sleeping tide; where, through the gauze,
 God's finger-prints are wet.

The Meeting

DOROTHY STOCKBRIDGE

Barnard College

Moonlight on the white breast of the sea;
Sunlight on the white brow of the hill;
I stand upon the dim shore silently,
 And all the world is still.

Stars upon the bosom of the night;
Stars upon the bosom of the sea;
And high between them gowned in pearly white
 A cloud floats wondrously.

Death within the ocean at my feet;
Life within the shadow of the hill;
I stand upon the moment when they meet,
 And all eternity is still.

Intrusion

GEORGE F. ROESCH, JR.

Holy Cross College

Gleeful and carefree they frolicked in the glen,
Those happy, wood-folk pixies at their play:
Adown the moonlit aisles they tripped
And lightly floated through the spray

Of tinkling brooklets, tumbling, splashing
O'er the cliffs. No trace of human kind
To mar the pixies' proud possession:
Alone are they, when lo! they find

Between two craggy bluffs, two shining threads
Of steel that stretch afar. An ever-nearing light!
A trembling and a roaring shake the air—
An awesome shriek profanes the peaceful night.

A clanging and a ringing! A growing roar,
A flash of ruddy light, and then the hideous din
Is stilled:—Once more the pixies are alone,
Yet not alone, for the world has stolen in.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Night

MARIAN C. LUCE

Wheaton College

The corn stacks crackle, rattle
With the whisper of the night wind,
As it whistles from its home within the moon.
And the pumpkins twinkle, crinkle
From behind the dreary stubble,
Where the whispering, mystic rustle seems to
croon:—

“Weary—dreary—dull and eerie,
Night comes sure and soon.”

The clouds go hurry and scurry
Right across the blue black heavens,
Giving now and then the pale form of the moon.
A dog’s deep baying, praying
To an evil midnight spirit,
Echoes from the hills and seems to croon:—
“Weary—dreary—dull and eerie,
Night comes sure and soon.”

A Serenade

JAMES T. L. O'DONOHUE

Fordham University

The dawn’s a-wing in the saffron sky;
Behind the grey cathedral spire
The waning moon too soon will die,
Too soon will silence claim my lyre.

Too soon the morn of life will pass,
Too soon the rosebuds will be dead—
Scattered their leaves upon the grass
And all their fragrant beauty fled.

Awake my love, and list my song!
O list, my love, for love’s sweet sake:
Dawn’s but a moment, night is long—
O sweet my love, awake, awake!

Gray Eyes

CARTER L. GOODRICH

Amherst College

Over a mind that is weary and stale,
The joyous visions play
Of a wind-filled sail, or a mountain trail,
Or eyes of laughing gray.

Twisted by argument, lifeless and chill,
I crave the strength and stay
Of a granite hill, of a forest still,
Or eyes of steadfast gray.

Out of the hopes that we hotly pursue
For three rich boons I pray,—
For a friendship true, for a deed to do,
For eyes of loving gray.

Consolation

GUSTAV DAVIDSON

Columbia University

Come to me in the night—
The hour of dying winds and moon-swathed light—
And bring with thee what heartaches and what
cares,
What daily fears, what sins, what needful prayers
With which thou feelst oppressed.
And I will still the tender riot
In thy heart,
And fill it with my own deep sense of quiet
'Til thou art
Becalméd, and at rest.
And the whole sad world of seeming
Will be lost whilst thou art dreaming
On my breast!

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

The Crimson Chalice

DEAN B. LYMAN, JR.

Yale University

She puts the crimson chalice to her lips,
But smiles at me across its reddened rim.
The dark wine ebbs, the while she sips and sips,
But 'tis for me her tender eyes are dim.
At her sweet touch the crimson chalice pales
And now the cup is empty, while the flame
That flared within the fireplace flickers, fails,
And I begin to marvel why I came.
For she has set the bloodless cup aside
As she will set my heart aside some day,
And though no life nor love have been denied,
Will laugh in scorn and toss the cup away!

Reincarnation

MALCOLM W. VAUGHN

Harvard University

It cannot be I have had life before—
Else in my soul the Nile would softly sing;
The walls of Troy would whisper; for the shore
Of Babylon I should be hungering.

Yet when I pressed your lips to mine, God knows
There was Eternity. And you have come
To me, as petals blossom on a rose—
Always I knew your heart would be my home.

Songs of His Lady

JOHN MCCLURE

University of Oklahoma

I

O I shall pluck the little stars
And set them in her golden hair,
And I shall pluck for her delight
All things golden anywhere,

The little flowers of the earth,
The little corals of the sea,
The little dreams within my heart,—
My love shall have them all o' me!

II

And I shall weave into a net
The dreaming Pleiad sisters seven
With all the jewels of all the crowns
Of all the saints of heaven,—

A net of stars for her to wear
To make her dainty and fair to see,
So all the princes of all the world
Shall whisper and envy me.

III

But she shall dress more strangely still:
In all men's eyes she shall be seen
To wear my little silver dreams
Like tinkling trinkets of a queen.

Ay, queenlike, she shall move them all
To adoration and desire;
For she shall wear my golden dreams
As though they were a robe of fire.

To a Department Store Girl

HERBERT B. BENJAMIN *City College, New York*

Little Girl in suit of blue,
Walking down the Avenue,
Pink-blown cheeks and golden hair,
Step so brightly free from care,
Head thrown back, and in your eye
Something, oh, so very shy—

Little girl in suit of blue,
Tell me when shall I know you?

Sauntering along Broadway
I saw your sister yesterday;

Little Girl in suit of blue,
She was very much like you—
Cheek much pinker, hair more gold,
Eyes as blue as yours—but cold,
Head thrown back, but in her stare
Something not so free from care;

I know your sister, for you see—
Then she came and spoke to me!

Little Girl in suit of blue,
When you're like her, will I know you?

Friendship

FANNIE W. BUTTERFIELD *Randolph-Macon College*

A bud has crept over the window-sill,
It is wrought with an infinite, tender skill,
Unfolding worlds beyond my fireside here;
But the vine outside shivers harsh and sere.

A life has come into my heart's hearth glow;
It is harsh and rough to the world, I know,
But the budding soul is the part I see,
And a perfect thing is this life to me.

The Harpist's Touch

THOMAS N. MORGAN, JR. *Emory University*

So far removed, and yet so near
Is my own heart to thee,
It seems my spirit's ear can hear
A whisper come to me.

Some whispers sad, some whispers low,
Some whispers of delight;
I would thy soul could only know
My inner thoughts aright.

A note of heavenly rhapsody
Is vibrant in my breast;
The spell of its sweet melody
Has lulled my soul to rest.

Thou art the heavenly harpist, dear,
My heart the bending string;
And under thy controlling touch
Its joyous chords now sing.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Lament

(Translated from the Chinese)

H. A. VANKIRK

University of Chicago

The peach-tree stood lone on the hill—
 Wo sin shui ye!
My feet to meet her are moving still,
 Wo sin shui ye!

The wind pressed thru her little leaves—
 Wo sin shui ye!
I am the wind that idly grieves,
 Wo sin shui ye!

Twin petals of pink were her two lips—
 Wo sin shui ye!
Ten tender twigs her finger tips,
 Wo sin shui ye!

Two blossoms that opened to azure skies—
 Wo sin shui ye!
Her eyes to me in a sweet surmise,
 Wo sin shui ye!

The promise of summer full in her cheeks—
 Wo sin shui ye!
'Tis the tenderest tree that soonest breaks,
 Wo sin shui ye!

The springing grass waves on the hill—
 Wo sin shui ye!
My thots are the blades, aspiring still,
 Wo sin shui ye!

The Blue of Your Eyes

ELIZABETH BRADY

College of New Rochelle

Did the good God take the blue of the skies
To turn it into the blue of your eyes. . .
Eyes that are soft as the morning mist,
And changing as waters at evening, sun-kist?
And did he take a shining ray
From the golden skein of a summer's day
To place it deep in the heart of you. . . .
That heart so brave, and strong and true?

I know how it comes that your radiant eyes
Are made from the sunshine and summer skies;
And I know how it comes that your heart's all gold,
Though I don't believe what the poet told.
For centuries ago the angels wove
The roof of the world on their loom of love,
And the seraphs forged the golden light
That is sun by day and the stars by night—

Then they brought it out carefully, and proudly unfurled

The carpet of heaven, the roof of the world!
They tacked it up firmly with starpoints of light,
But they found that it didn't fit even . . . not quite.

They had too many stars and a large piece of sky. . .
And they'd measured so carefully . . . they
couldn't tell why

They had woven so much. But there it all lay,
And they'd have to make use of it, surely, some way.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

They remodelled those stars, made a heart of pure
gold,
Kept it warm all the centuries . . . it couldn't
grow cold.
They wrapped it up tight in the left-over blue,
And they put it away in a handbox . . . for you.
That is whence comes your heart, dear, your heart
of pure gold,
So you mustn't believe what the poet has told;
And the great piece of blue that was left from the
skies,
That is whence you've been given the blue of your
eyes!

To Ada

MARGARET ELL

De Paul University

Dimpled cheeks, violet eyes . . .
Fairy wells of roguish mirth!
Kisses perched on teasing lips . . .
Fitting place for Cupid's birth.

Gleaming teeth, ears that peep,
Out 'neath sun-kist hair acurl,
By my soul! I'll win you yet!
Winsome, witching wonder-girl!

My Lady's Garden

RETTA WEITLER

University of Cincinnati

I

“Why so merry and blithe, my son,
And why is your laughter gay?
Whence the song on your lips, my son,
And why do you speed away?

Why is your step so light, my son,
As on the heath you tread?
Why pluck the fairest blooms, my son,
And why the wreath on your head?”

“I to my lady's garden hie,
For I do wooing go;
There's a song of joy that fills my heart
I would the world could know.

The red, red rose her beauty flaunts,
Her incense sweet dispelling;
The brown, brown thrush from leafy branch,
In song our love is telling.

My lady doth a pattern weave,
A cloth of beauty rare;
The shuttle doth our thoughts entwine,
And all our dreams are there.

My lady will not wedded be
Until the weaving's done;
My heart will not contented be
Until my bride I've won.”

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

II

“Why so weary and sad, my son,
And why the tear in your eye?
Whence the sob in your voice, my son,
Why do you moan and sigh?”

Why your tread so heavy, my son,
And why the mist on your brow?
Why strew dead leaves in your path, my son,
Why roam in silence now?”

“The garden is a fading dream,
All charm from it hath fled;
The red, red rose is a withered thing,
Her fragrance she hath shed.

The brown, brown thrush hath left his bough,
No more to warble and thrill;
The wind hath stripped the leafy branch,
And all is hushed and still.

And now I dwell in deepest gloom,
I cherish a raveled thread,
The once bright shuttle is marred with rust
And the song in my heart is dead.”

To a Coquette

(Translated from Horace, Odes I, 8.)

MARY SIMMONS

Hendrix College

O Lydia darling, do tell me pray
What spell you have worked by your witching way,
That quickly will spoil your Sybaris true,
Who loves to distraction,—nay worships you?

Please answer me this, why he hates the camp,
The dusty parade ground and barracks damp?
Why does he not drill with the soldiers brave,
Or ride his war-horse with his sword and stave?

And why does he not in the Tiber swim?
Too yellow and muddy it seems to him.
And pray tell me why he does not apply
The oil used by wrestlers so deft and sly?

O why are his arms free from bruises dark,
Which ought to be there as the boxer's mark?
And why are the discus and dart unknown?
He used to be famed for the distance thrown.

And why does he hide like Thetis' boy
Before the lamentable fall of Troy,
Lest masculine garb should send him along
To war and to death with the Lycian throng?

My Love

J. L. PAYNE

Davidson College

The eyes of my love of purest hue,
Are fair to look upon
They vie the depths of ocean's blue,
Resplendent in the sun.

The hair of my love is softer far,
Than oriental mesh;
Her lips are thin and shapened long,
Like threads of crimson sash.

Her milk-white teeth are rounded, smooth,
As Persian pearls so rare;
Her voice, it floats like music strains,
On the tender evening air.

That hand so soft and satin-like,
When slipping through my hair,—
The velvet touch that petrel wings,
To tinted eggs embare.

When first I saw my love, afar,
Beneath a crystal moon,
My heart was in my mouth afloat,—
Soft words were falling soon.

Ballade of Inspiration

To E. G. M.

SAMUEL H. FRIEDMAN

City College, N. Y.

Princes brave in your panoplies,
Knights who ride on the perilous way,
Banners ablaze in the wayward breeze,
What is your goal through the livelong day?
Bugles shrilling their loud display,
Proud and penitent, lusty and lame,
What do you seek in the wild hey-dey?
“ . . . Only for thee is my heart aflame!”

Valiant fighters of all degrees,
Pioneers, heroes, who gladly lay
Down your lives over lands and seas,
What is your goal through the livelong day?
What is the charm that bids you stay
True to your trust, fearing nought but shame?
What is your guerdon after the fray?
“ . . . Only for thee is my heart aflame!”

Down the roll of the centuries,
God-like forms in the mad *melée*,
Unconquered still, though forced to the knees,
What is your goal through the livelong day?
Never to doubt or fear a prey,
Fiercely fighting the losing game
Whose is the mandate you obey?
“ . . . Only for thee is my heart aflame!”

ENVOI

Love, dost ask me, as maiden may,
“What is *your* goal through the livelong day!”
Wealth I seek not, nor power nor fame—
Only for *thee* is my heart aflame!

Withered Irish Rose

JOSEPH T. HIGGINS

Holy Cross College

Turn ye softly, hallowed pages,
As before in bygone years,
Pious fingers softly turned ye
Softly wet ye Irish tears
Humble heirloom of ancestors,
Solace for their wrongs and woes,
Sepulchred within thy pages
Find I here a withered rose.

Gently now let me uplift thee
From this aged, scripted tomb,
Gently, lest a breath should blow thee
Back into thy dusty doom.
Ah, thou precious, ghostly relic!
If thy petals could uncloset
They would mirror scenes of grandeur,
Withered little Irish rose.

Would they picture Innisfallen,
Isle that smiles so happily?
Was thy home in some kind crevice
'Mongst the cliffs of grand Kilkee?
Did Glengariff give thee nurture,
Where the sweet arbutus grows,
Or some quiet, lonely abbey,
Little withered Irish rose?

Did some suitor in Killarney
Pluck thee near Love's Waterfalls?
Did some happy bride inter thee
Here within these holy walls?

Or some child, from First Communion
Homeward journeying, who knows,—
May have plucked thee by the roadside,
Withered little Irish rose.

Ah, but nay. Some weeping mother
Placed thee on a little breast
Just as pure as thou and sinless—
Then she laid ye both to rest.
Some day will that soul departed
Join the body 'neath the snows—
Spiritless art thou, yet something
Dearer than a withered rose:

Hadst thou bloomed there unmolested
With thy sisters far away
Then thy petals would have fallen
Into dust long ere this day.
Ah! but now thy breath of fragrance
That still faintly comes and goes,
Sets my memory vibrating,
Little withered Irish rose

Song

EUGENE H. SANDERS

Emory University

I met a rose of deepest red,
Which I accused of painting;
And when I did, that modest rose
Came very near to fainting.

She blushed, and shrank so prettily,
Displayed such pleasant scorn—
A great find then was this I'd made,
A rose without a thorn.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Her lovely fragrance tempted me,
I thought I'd taste of bliss;
A breath of wind came shattering
The rose that I would kiss.

The Thorn

PHILIP N. JOHNSTON

Oberlin College

Mother, while sleeps the garden
In the old-gold mist of morn,—
While the white stars pale in the blue of the skies,
And the quiet road untrodden lies,—
The rose-bush dreams in the dew night-born,
And the rosebud knows not yet of its thorn,
The rose knows not of its thorn.

Mother, while hangs the garden
In the heat of noon forlorn,—
While the sun burns white in the glare of the skies,
And dust-clouds thick from the road arise,—
The bush in stillness droops to mourn,
And the rose half-blown has seen its thorn,
The rose knows now of its thorn.

At night, while breathes the garden,
In the cool of wind soft-borne,—
While the sky again with starlight gleams,
And the twilight road is a vista of dreams,—
The bush remembers the joy of morn,
And the rose full-blown has forgotten its thorn,
Mother! forgotten its thorn.

Fear

J. RUSSELL PARSONS

Harvard University

He clung to the bucking tiller aft,
In the lift of the cracking seas,
While the dead ship reeled like a drunken craft
He looked at the twisting froth and laughed,
He threw back his head and laughed
At the sting of the frozen breeze!

He stood alone at the dusk of the day
And saw with sightless eyes
The tangled drifts of his dreams decay
As the west like a frosted flower turned gray,
But he straightened his back as the west turned gray
And laughed his scorn to the skies!

He sat with his love and looked through the night
At her eyes of flame and shade;
In the dying fire where the coals were white
He saw the drifts of his dream's delight,
His dreams had been spun by the loom of delight —
He looked — and was afraid.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

On a Street Corner

W. A. NORRIS

Harvard University

But all the time you spoke I did not hear
The words you said, I only heard a far
Faint sound of summer waters, and a clear
Calling of music from some lonely star.

I thought I heard the lisp of falling dew
In a dark meadow where no breezes stirred . . .
Then suddenly the noisy street, and you
Smiling at me because I had not heard.

To —————

WILLIAM HILLMAN

Columbia University

When the night comes, and we are laid to sleep,
Deep within the darkness,
Where cheeks grow pale and eyes no longer weep,
Ah! little heart, thy soul
Will pass like thistledown along the wind
And touch some happy soil;
Or flit like some gray moth, that yearns to bind
Its wings unto a star.

To the wild grasses and the silent sky
We will untimely go.
And love will crumble down to clay and die.
Ere thou and I will know.
Cease, cease thy vain dreams and endless yearning,
Heaven's glory is thine,
But while limbs and heart and soul are burning
Come press thy lips on mine.

A Phantasy

W. WILLCOX, JR.

Harvard University

From the Mountains of the Moon down the Pathway of the
Dead

It was I alone, who watched you as your gold-bound ankles
sped,

Just as light as any summer wind goes sighing overhead.

From the temple of the Tigers, through the fields, I saw
you pass,

And your feet like snow-white swallows scarcely moved the
pliant grass,

And I heard the Inca bells, striking off the evening mass.

Was it yesterday I watched you, or a thousand years ago

'Mid the ruins of old temples where the cobras' colors glow,

And the priestly incense rises from the valley down below?

Breath O' Spring

LOUISE W. GOODWIN

N. C. State Normal College

Sodden skies, and the chill, dank wind;

Aching heart, and a tired mind;

And then—on a bare, brown bush to find

A flow'r o' the "Breath o' Spring!"

Sunlight and song, and a flash of red—

A cardinal's wooing, overhead—

A foreglimpse of springtime joyousness, sped

By a flow'r o' "Breath o' Spring!"

Soft gray skies, and the wild, free wind;

Courageous heart, and an eager mind;—

I chanced, on a bare, brown bush, to find

A flow'r o' the "Breath o' Spring!"

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Réveillé

EDWARD J. MAGINN

Holy Cross College

Threading the maze of sleeping boughs,
Rousing each warrior slumber-bound,
Quiv'ring in tremulous dulcet tones,
The Spring wind's clear réveillé sounds.

To arms! and an answering quiver comes,
To arms! and myriad swords unsheath,
To arms! and the boughs thrust forth their shields
As the last notes die on the bristling heath.

So in the soul's grim armory lie
Numberless weapons keen and true,
Ready to ring with a joyous cry
In life's long fray, to cut and hew,
Dormant till some kind thoughtful word
With clear réveillé trills them through.

Swing Song

B. P. CLARK

Harvard University

Swing where the cherry petals fall
Like flowers of snow on the old gray wall,
Swing up till your toes push back the sky,
And the sun is a golden, glaring eye —
Swing — Swing — Swing.

Swing back where the hollyhocks in rows
Show how a troop of soldiers goes,
Swing till the garden is far away,
And you cannot hear what the fountains say —
Swing — Swing — Swing.

Up with a lift and down with a dip
Like a mighty bird above a ship,
Watching the gardens of waves go by,
And the spray of the green leaves swirling, fly—
Swing — Swing — Swing.

Fragrance

ALICE BLACKWELL

Lake Erie College

Listen, close your eyes a moment,
With your head up, nose tip-tilted,
As a wild and furry thing
Alert, will sniff a new-born breeze,
A new and tantalizing odor
Mingling indistinct, yet beck'ning—
'Tis the wild perfume of spearmint
Growing by the tinkling brook.
Suddenly you feel your whiskers
(Or the place where wild things have them)
Brist'ling, quivering, with the knife-keen
Painful joy of new discov'ry.

When the poignant breeze upholds
In gusty folds of ice and warmth
The promise of a time of newness;
When you feel the fresh awak'ning
To new life and animation;
When you press your face deep down
Within the leaves of potted primrose,
And take long sniffs of satisfaction
As you smell the good brown earth,
Perfumed with hope of new creation;
Then your very finger nails
Are quiv'ring with the poignant message
Of the shiv'ring pungent wind,—
Spring has come!

As a wild and furry thing
Alert, will sniff a new-born breeze,
So you find yourself in springtime
Walking with your nose tip-tilted
With your very hair-roots quiv'ring
With the message of new birth.

Song from the "Spirit of the Prairie"

MARGARET WEBB

Washburn College

"Oh a flight of doves with golden wings
Flew thru the sunny air,
The feathers they dropped were shining things
And each was a golden prayer.
I bound the plumes in a band of light
To be a crown for me,
But for the one who loosed the flight
Three gleaming crowns shall be,
Thy Mother Maize for all thy praise
Shall make a gift for thee!

There shall be rain, all silver-shod
Steal from summer sky,
And the wind Chanoot, who lately trod
The southern cloud-bank high;
There shall be sun, with golden hair
All floating wide and free,—
And these thy gifts from Mother Maize,
The lovely spirits three,
Sweet wind, fleet rain, and shining sun,
Shall guard thy corn for thee!

The Awakening Blossom

HENRY C. BUTLER

Holy Cross College

Ope to the blue thy slumb'ring eye;
 Lock in thy heart the transient beam;
Thy sleep is o'er: fair Spring is nigh.

Within thy treasured kingdom lie
 The artist's joy, the poet's dream;
Ope to the blue thy slumb'ring eye.

Soon to thy lips the bee will fly
 And sip in joy thy honeyed stream;
Thy sleep is o'er: fair Spring is nigh.

In thy fair face will maiden sigh,
 Joyful with love her accents teem;
Ope to the blue thy slumb'ring eye.

'Twixt heaven and earth our fondest tie,
 Sink not to rest till the reddening gleam;
Thy sleep is o'er: fair Spring is nigh.

Reflect thy beauties far on high;
 The barren earth from blight redeem;
Ope to the blue thy slumb'ring eye,
Thy sleep is o'er: fair Spring is nigh.

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THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

In Nature's Sketch Book

JAMES MCSHERRY ALVEY *Georgetown College*

The bluebird pipes a merry lay,
And April blossoms lift their head;
While down in the emerald fold of the hills
The brook lies singing in its bed.

The robin calls unto her young
When June's bright sunset blushes fair;
The firefly darts his tiny light
Where slumbering roses scent the air.

In tented death the corn is stacked
On dry, brown hill, where pumpkins grow;
And the forest wears her rainbow dress,
But the little brook is weak and low.

From the high, bleak hills the snow floats down;
The frozen brook is still and dumb;
Near the whitened shrub where a rose once bloomed
A little bird lies cold and numb.

The Violet's Birth

EUGENE W. ROESCH *Holy Cross College*

Floated a dreamy cloud of star-flecked blue
Cradled in the arms of raven night:
And in its moon-lit, tranquil flight,
A wand'ring fragment lost, which earthward flew

And nestled on a mossy bank beside the wave.
The tresses of Aurora shone divinely fair
Next morn, and lo, amid the rushes there
Whose whispering wands the dancing waters lave,

A purple queen with crown of sparkling dew
Held court and sighed in joyful bliss,
And from her throne a perfumed kiss
Rose up and mingled with the sunbeam's hue.

The Call of Spring

RUTH E. ELLIOT

Lake Erie College

The wind calls over the plain, my lass,
The green spreads over the hills,
The birds are calling to us, my lass,
To go where the spirit wills.

The air is filled with a thrill, my lass,
The world is beginning to wake,
For spring's in the earth and air, my lass,
And it's over the moor and lake.

Then up with a joy and a hope, my lass,
We'll travel the king's highway,
We'll start with the birds and the spring, my lass,
And frolic the livelong day.

For the way of life is broad, my lass,
And the spring-tide zeal is strong,
Then up with a joy and a hope, my lass,
And brighten my way with song.

The Butterfly

WALTER B. MUCKERMANN

St. Mary's College

A dainty thing's the butterfly,
Refined and fair, a pretty sight,
As airily it flitters by.

So gracefully it sails on high,
Bedecks the air, chrysolite;
A dainty thing's the butterfly.

Its colors woo the passing eye,
So fanciful, so dazzling bright,
As airily it flitters by.

Its wings upon the breezes lie,
A rainbow wafted through the light;
A dainty thing's the butterfly.

A garden fairy sweet and shy
It fairly seems, this charming mite,
As airily it flitters by.

Its golden hues the elfins dye,
A flashing star from out the night;
A dainty thing's the butterfly,
As airily it flitters by.

The Desert Wind

LOWRY NELSON

Utah Agricultural College

Messenger of the wasting sand,
Fiend, and sculptor and artist,
Companion, builder, destroyer,
Of the melancholy desert land!

Lorn caves and dim cryptic caverns,
Hollowed by thy ceaseless toil,
Are homes of the weird wild phantoms,
That sweep o'er the desert soil.

Bridges colossal, majestic
Carved by perennial blast,
Spanning the queer-cut canyons,
Age-stained, precipitous, vast,

Joining a wilderness of pain
To one of illusioned respite;
For the crossing of perishing nomads,
Lured on by mirages of sight;

Rude statues and shapes fantastic,
In that lifeless museum grand,
Were fashioned, shaped and sculptored
By thy wild erratic hand.

The temples, gracing that empire,
Of sun-scorched shifting soil,
Sublime in their designless art,
Are products of thy whirling toil.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Here play the lights and the shadows;
Weird phantom and vanishing sprite
Flit frantically, silently in and out
Then hasten to haunts of the night.

Thy burden, the grains of the desert,
Gathered on thy weariless way,
With glory, illumines the sunrise,
And makes splendid the close of the day.

Midsummer

JOHN GRIMES

University of Chicago.

The sky is like faded blue calico,
And the grass has withered into old age;
The sun is a scratched platter of bright brass.

A shamed old tree hunches by the road-side
Gathering its rags around its nakedness;
A buzzard roosts on a high limb.

The water runs through the green-mudded stream bed
Slowly, lasciviously, reeling to this side and that,
Like a slow, lascivious old man.

Night will come down on the shame of the tree
And tomorrow the sun will make pearls of the water,
And tomorrow time will make diamonds of the mud.

Our love is like drugged wine,
Or like the stale odour of cigarettes and perfume:
Tomorrow God will pour out the wine.

The Robin's Carol

J. D. MAHONEY

Dubuque College

You may sing of Chinese nightingale
Or thrush of foreign clime,
Of how their vocal solos
Seem to blend in heavenly rhyme;
They're melodious, I grant it,
Countless hearts their songs enthrall,
But the carol of the robin
Truly suits me best of all.

When the glorious tints of morning
Gild the orient grey with gold,
These little songsters cheer us
Till we wonder how they hold
All the hope and buoyant feeling
They pour out for every joy;
It reminds me of that springtime
When I was just a boy,

And when in early morning
With eager sun-browned feet,
Bathed in countless diamond dewdrops
We sought our loved retreat
On the banks of Little Rock Creek,
Which was known to us alone,
Where the fish bit like mosquitoes
In the marsh called Jackson's Own,

There along the banks we revelled
In nature's verdant bed,
A-listening to the robin
In the treetop overhead;

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Forgetful of our bobber
That was circling round and round,
Forgetful of most everything
But that melodious sound.

O robin of the southland,
O harbinger of spring!
How little do we thank you
For the cheer and hope you bring.
Yes, sing of thrush and nightingale,
Or others you recall,
But the carol of my robin
Truly suits me best of all.

Autumn

ANNE ELIZABETH MARVIN *William Smith College*

A drowsy moon hangs lantern-low
Above a silver sea,
Where little ripples softly break,
And murmur dreamily.
Vague stars adrift in blue more vague,
And shy clouds floating by—
Silence and cool and mystery
In solemn sea and sky.

The rustle of a falling leaf,
A flutter as of wings,
Among the stately sleeping trees
The sound of living things.
The fall of countless tiny feet,
The rush of nightbird's flight—
Beneath the moon throbs vibrant life
Rejoicing in the night.

An Autumn Sabbath in the Hills

KATHARINE HARBOWER

Barnard College

A single slowly-tolling chime upthrows
Its mellow music from the town below;
The ribbon roads, in Sabbath stillness, show
No rising dust where some swift motor goes;
The very autumn wind seems hushed and blows
More softly, where the dry bright leaves lie low,
As bidding "hush" while, faintly clear, a slow
Religious chant steals up through silent rows
Of skyward-pointing pines and cedar trees.
So the tempestuous day sinks down in prayer
And only reverent whispers fill the air
From all that pulsing beauty on its knees.
Now all that's God-made—man, earth, sky and sea—
The soul of all thy world now worships Thee.

Winter Reverie

M. E. ROSENZWEIG

Suffolk Law School

One tiny flake of fluffy snow
Sailed gently down to earth alone;
One tiny flake called from below,
And nestling close, each knew its own.

One tiny flake,—one crystal star,
One snow-drop pure, in a wind-swept night,
Each joining each from out afar,
Spread o'er the earth in a mantle white.

One noble thought,—one heart to feel
Another's grief,—another's woe,
Each joining each in equal zeal,
Bedeck the earth,—like flakes of snow.

Firstlings

ABRAHAM BURSTEIN

Columbia University

Though clouds come sweeping down the skies,
Dark heralds of a hurricane,
Our Mary to the window hies
And glues her nose against the pane.

A laughing cry reflects the cheer
That speeds her towards the bursting squall—
“Look, every one!—The snow is here!
I love to see the first flakes fall!”

Yet passing strange is this—although
That gaze should with the heavens meet,
It strays towards objects here below
And wanders down the long gray street.

Quite strange! But soon a handsome youth
Comes by and deep obeisance makes—
Ah, then we understand, in truth,
The charm that decks these wintry flakes!

December Evening

MITCHELL DAWSON

University of Chicago

Across the table
You ask me why we're here—
Strange you, strange I;
Between us a curtain.

I thought perhaps to taste
Cool liquid gong-notes from bronze cups;
Perhaps to smell the vibrant pungency of stars;
Perhaps to feel the purring red
Of poinsettias.

These dingy walls and cheap red wine:
You ask me why—
I thought perhaps you'd bring
Gold webs for our grey clothes;
Instead—a curtain.

And now when I slit the curtain
I meet your brown eyes peering thru;
I snatch at the fastenings
And hear
The patter of your feet running.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Magi

BERNARD M. KIRKE

St. Mary's College

They came from out a wonderland of ease,
Across broad seas of trackless sand,
Sent by the Orient's great majesties
To find that distant, chosen land,
Where God had wrought His miracle of love.
With precious gifts their camels flew
O'er desert sand, through mountain pass. Above
There shone a lonely star that drew
The wise Men on; who sped, nor ever stayed
The while that guide still led the way.
And lo! unto a child in manger laid
The mighty Magi homage pay.
Heaping the gifts of kings before His eyes,
Riches from mystic Eastern strands,
They kneel, and gaze in wild surmise—
To see their God in swaddling bands.

The Albright Day

GRANT C. KNIGHT

Albright College

Morning. And at the rathe gray burst
Which speaks a glorious day, we thirst
Adventures in the realm of thought.
We stand on Forum steps in pagan Rome
And gaze on eager throngs that surge from home
To hollow conquest. But this is naught
To victories by calm-eyed Science won,
Which we repeat, and marvel, seeing done.
We sit at Shakespeare's side and lift
His script, then wonder at that gift
Which makes his genius seem too cheaply bought.
We thirst adventures in the realm of thought,
And quaff at morn.

Afternoon. And from both court and field
Resound gay shouts; our spirits tribute yield
To bracing air and health and Life's red wine.
We leap, we run, we meet the shock
Of conflict; heroes sternly lock
As Greek met Greek for laurel twine.
Created new, our nostrils breathe
As they were meant, while whirlpools seethe
In arteries and sweep to channels fine.
'Tis tribute paid to health and Life's red wine
In afternoon.

Night. And with the glooming shade
Our hearts expand to friends we've made,
Our minds extend their hands and grip full tight.
New argosies are launched, new Babels built,

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Storms disappear, the very clouds are gilt,
We scale the tallest peaks to temples bright.
We lay the keels for vessels true to sail
Armada-like, unknowing words like "fail."
Then 'neath the stars, whose torches seem to sift
Their gentle rays through purest silver rift,
We walk; both hearts and steps are light,
Our minds extend their hands and grip full tight
In mystic night.

Dawn and Day

SPEER STRAHAN

University of Notre Dame

I saw the eastern woodlands stir as Day
Stepped from beneath those branches of the night;
Sandalled with gold and girt about with light
In stripling lustihood to run morn's way.
But there went maiden Dawn along the gray
And dewy valleys of the skyey height,
Gathering armfuls of star blossoms white,—
Upon her lucent brow morn's first faint ray.

The dim earth thrilled, for there in delicate grace
Day was at dalliance 'neath those orient trees,
Lingering with lovely Dawn while burned new
skies.

I saw them kiss, a glory on each face,
And saw the sweet breath of the ocean breeze
Blow her Uranian hair in his young eyes.

The Wheaton Message

CAROLINE L. BLAKE

Wheaton College

Wheaton, breathe on us thy spirit;
Touch with living fire each heart,
Lingering for the last words spoken
Ere from thee thy daughters part.

Earnest lips have told the message;
Earnest lives have wrought that we
Might have life, and through thee have it
Ever more abundantly.

We have heard it in these hallways
That our restless feet have trod;
In thy vast pine-pillared temple
Have, in silence, walked with God.

O my classmates, souls are starving,
Blasted on life's desert sands,
Waiting for the bread of heaven
Brought them by your eager hands.

Hands that beat at life's hard portal,
Feet that falter not for fear,
Swift to bear the message onward,
Bringing to each life new cheer.

Bear it to the broken-hearted,
Fallen lives that strive no more;
Bear it to the soul still struggling
In the storm to reach some shore;

To the careless and the careful,
Those who faint and those who fight;
To the old and weary, sitting
Silent in earth's dimming light.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Gird us for the coming battle,
Warfare with the moral wrong;
Link our lives with all the noble
That around Truth's banner throng.

Classmates, UP! The day is ours,
And the fight is almost won
When we see afar that banner
Streaming azure in the sun!

To Robert W. Service

ROBERT S. GILLET

Amherst College

I have seen the land of the Northern Lights,
The land of the fever of gold;
I have felt the spell, the spell of the North
That lures to its splintering cold;
I have learned its life and its tragedy,
The songs of the Sourdough—
Its joy and sin and its toll of death,
The tales of a Cheechako.

That is a land where a man is a man
And fights for the love of the game.
Where life is free, and a vast wild waste
Lifts the burden of care and blame.
Yet under its charm is a loneliness
That grips and frowns with a nod
Till you feel that life's no more worth while
And you call in despair on God.

O give me the Maine of the balsam fir,
Of the wood and the mist-wreathed pond
Where the whispering rush and the quavering loon
Call to the Great Beyond.
There's companionship in those dark still trails
That lead over the Border line;
There's a magic peace that draws your soul,
And makes you murmur, "mine!"

Shelley

FREDERICK B. ARTZ

Oberlin College

I

Ethereal voice of the world's great morning,
Heroic dreamer of the beauty that outlives decay,
Forever seeking the unearthly harmonies
And fair visions that lie hid from mortal sense,
Thy spirit dwelt in the radiance of eternal light.
And lost in the aerial gold of sunlit dreams,
To the chorus of heavenly symphonies
Thou didst thy fragile earthly lyre attune,
Until its perfect melodies,—
Purer than the echoed music of cathedral choirs,—
Live in thy miracle of song.

II

Like the liquid gleam of stars
Gathered from the meadows of the deep, blue night,
Thou didst find among the sins of human life,
The remembrance of the primal glory of mankind;
Until within the magic of thy singing
There glows the light of beauty and of love,
Whose living splendor once was ours.
And like the soaring flame,
Wherein thy body passed on Viareggio's lonely beach,
Thy spirit's song,
Rising above the ashes of men's lives,
Beckons the weary
To the eternal light of thy lyric world,
To the promised land of thine own desire.

Ode to Shakespeare

RAYMOND T. B. KELLY

Holy Cross College

From here I see old Dawn put up his head
And, looking o'er the dusky eastern hills,
Mingle his breath with chills

And blow it down

Upon the town.

Then Dawn

With slow, slow yawn

Shows forth the whiteness of his teeth

And his great scarlet lips, which open wide.

And then from the shadowy cave beneath,—

His mouth,—still dark, but purple-dyed,

Outbursts his fiery tongue,—

And lo! the intense lamp of day is hung.

It seeméd then this clay I thrust aside,

And off I flew in spirit through the glass

O'er house-tops, trees, and fields of new-sprung grass;

Until with spirit-stride

I reached his side.

Then up, up, on his outspread wings,

His wings of light,

As an offender to a masthead climbs and clings,

I climbed and clung on tight

And shouted in his ear:

“Old Dawn, thou who hast risen and dost rise

Every day since time was here;

Thou who from year to year

Will rise and rise

Until this earthly planet dies;

Who hast peered 'bove all horizons of the world,

From sea to sea

And strand to strand;

Who hast peeped o'er th' eastern ridge of ev'ry land
And there thine opal curtains hast unfurled,—
Omniscient Dawn, I speak to thee."
I stopped and listened, eager for reply.

And soon my spirit-ears were smote
And quivered with a zephyr note,
A languid music-sigh.
So, knowing I was heard,
Then boldly I averred:
"Old Dawn, thou must remember, many years,
Ay, centuries ago, soon after Winter's death
When thou awokest and o'erstared a wood
Of newly budding trees and down
Upon a river and a morning town
With roofs and steeples flashing golden spears,
And all felicitous with Spring's blithe breath.

And how thyself in pensive mood
Didst ruminate with cloudy brow, deep-frowned
In thought because that very morn
Of common state, a man was born
Who one day would be crowned
As most uncommon by the common world.
Didst thou not then, in wonderment, look out,—
And at thy will the scroll of time uncurled,—
Look off, and out, and trace his horoscope
And see his glory: as none else, renowned?
And then didst say with awe-struck breath:
'Ay, he shall live e'en to my death
Ay,—day by day with me';
Dost not remember, Dawn?" And listening
I heard the zephyr-answer sing:
"I do remember."

"And thou, old Dawn, canst not forget how well
Thou brokest on that day

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

And said: 'Ah man, ah man, I may not tell
The pregnant meaning of this day
But in my own, my homely way.'
So then thou didst thine utmost to adorn thyself,—
Crimson'd thy lips, and pinked thy cheeks,
And opened up thy vast blue eyes;—
Brought all the colors to thine horizon-shelf,
And blending them with wondrous-tinted streaks,
Didst paint such picture as had never graced the skies.
And then amidst it all—when all was done—
Let burst upon the world thy glorious sun!"

And, "Aye," the zephyrs whispered, "Aye,
All this to glorify
An earthly Sun
Who would not shine until his course was run.
Like some bright star, some comet beautiful
Whose distance out in space
Is infinite from mortal gaze
Yet sends down here to us
Its steady lustre, penetrating rays,
For endless ages after it has ceased its race;
So Shakespeare—
Brightest sun, most clear
And lucid star of earthly intellects,—
Shines, ay, flashes, blazes forth
In myriad variegated rays,
Each ray a full-souled thought,
And striking everyone from south to north
With admiration, wonder, awe,—
And thus forever, on through endless days."

The zephyr-voices died, as stricken dumb
With utter wonderment. And so, o'ercome
With the intensity of thought,
I breathed: "Good-bye, old Dawn!"
And fitted like a shadow, home.

A Forest Temple

JOHN C. R. KELLY

Mt. St. Mary's College

Tonight the rounded moon with slanting rays
Swings through the sky;
The winter world forsakes its sullen grays
For argent dye.

Within a forest glade my path I take,
Where giant trees
With interlacing branches shadows make,—
Light traceries.

A sanctuary this, more stately far
Than minster church;
The aisles with graceful columns bordered are,—
With oak and birch.

The vaulted sky the roof, for candle light
The stars; the floor
Of tracéd marble of the purest white
From nature's store.

No man-built temple rises half so fair
As does this place
By nature fashioned, with a beauty rare
And perfect grace.

The Question

KATHERINE NOLEN *Randolph-Macon College*

Did you ever lie in some grassy spot
While the hours, unheeded, sped by?
And watch the "cloud sheep" pasturing
In the "blue grass" of the sky?

Did you ever sit by a little brook,
And watch it in its flow?
And long to follow the course it traced,
And the goal of its wanderings know?

Did you ever stand on some mountain's peak
While the wind was blowing free?
And gaze on the valleys below, and dream
Of the cities that were to be?

Did your heart ever thrill with love of it all?
The sky, and the brook, and the sod,
And then did you think that the peace of it all,
The beauty, the grandeur—was God?

Solitude

HELEN GIDDINGS *Mt. Holyoke College*

A singing stretch of drifting blue that runs to meet the
sky,

A silent empty blue above, white bird-wings flashing high,
Willful breezes that flicker by

Whisper where the sand dunes purr,
Rustle where dried sedges stir.

Then Something, neither wind nor sea
Nor sky—oh, stranger than all three!—

Something that sings and sings in me—
This small Thing that is I.

Of Such as This Is God

OTIS PEABODY SWIFT

Columbia University

Dark shadows of the darkening night lie on the distant plain,
Black, storm-swept clouds move slowly on above the slanting
rain.

Between the mountains and the sea the thunder's crashing
roll

Speaks with the voice of nature's God and stirs my very
soul.

Ye children of the city, who in your temples raise
'Midst dim cathedral shadows to your unseen God your
praise,

Can you within your worldly souls the glorious vision see
That from that dark and storm-tossed sky is given unto me?

I am the brother of that man who by some will divine
First felt the power of God's great hand—his blood runs
red in mine.

With him I feel the fear of sea, fierce storm and darkening
sky,

With him, as in that long lost age, I ask the question—Why?
With him I may not know the truth until this life shall die.

Yet even as that man in fear, to storm and sky unknown,
Prayed then for strength in that great fight which he must
fight alone,

So I this night in doubt and fear, when I know not the way
That leads beyond the storm of life to the eternal day,
Turn in my humbleness of heart and to the Unknown pray,

Call me a pagan if you will—or call me but a beast,
Yet nature's law is law alone, in all from great to least.
The sea, the sky, the storm of night uplift me from the clod,
And right or wrong, within my sight, of such as this is God.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

The One

RICHARD L. MASTEN

Amherst College

You know not where you may find Him,
You enter the temple door,
You pray, or you sing, or you listen,
Then leave, and you seek no more
But wander, blind in the sunlight,
To work and to rest and play,
For you see not the One who is near you,
Who is waiting at hand to hear you,
To carry the light to your blindness
And let you behold the day.

Look round you and you shall behold Him,
A cloud in the summer sky,
A flower that blooms by the wayside,
A bird that is soaring on high.
He speaks in the breath of the zephyr,
He sings in the voice of the lark,
He smiles through the sun in the morning,
And, whispering, gives us His warning
Of death through the solemn, unsounded,
Mysterious voice of the dark.

For Truth

MILTON E. SCHATTMANN

City College, N. Y.

Though a hundred sweet traditions call you back
Dare the thought.
Though a hundred hostile voices cry you down
Dare the word.
Though a hundred full-armed warriors block the pass
Dare the deed.

To the Dogmatist

FRED D. WENTZEL *Franklin and Marshall College*

When I was a little romping boy,
Wild as the weeds I played among,
Gay as the robin's morning song,
One with Nature the whole day long,
 You taught me "I believe."

Your "Credo" had been but a curse to me:
Mist to becloud my growing mind,
Cell to imprison and chain to bind,
Peopling with goblins the ghost-free wind,—
 But ne'er did I believe.

And now that I've come to manhood's thought
Creeds are a sick'ning sham to me,
Dogma is palling mockery;
Thinking my thoughts, not yours, I'm free,—
 Care I what you believe?

Tell me not to believe as you,
I think my thoughts, think your thoughts too;
God's voice to me is forever new,—
 Care I what it says to you?

Do You Know?

W. C. MARTIN

Hendrix College

"Do you know where the blue-birds winter,
How the chimney-sweep fastens her nest,
Why the whippoorwill's note is so mournful,
Where the plump, purple grapes are the best?

"Can you tell where the blue-bells are thickest?
Where the lazy trout basks in the sun,
Where the yellow plums ripen the quickest,
How the blacksnake devises to run?

"Do you know what the tall pines whisper,
When the South Wind rustles their leaves,
How the squirrel hides food for the winter,
How honey is made by the bees?

"Do you know where cherries are reddest,
How the field-mouse builds his home,
Where the brook is always the stillest,
From what region the wild ducks come?

"Do you know where the snow lasts the longest,
How the bob-white signals his mate,
How the kingfisher feeds her nestlings,
Why the black-haws ripen so late?

"You may have read books by the hundred,
You may solve every problem with ease,
Yet I will not say you are learned,
Unless you can answer me these."

When He Is Near

SARA CUMMING

William Smith College

Fear and awe in the waters dwell
When a strong south wind's ablowing,
When the smallest gusts to fury swell
And the waves are mountains growing,
Who fears to pitch on the mountain's top
At the edge of a gaping narrow?
Or down through the empty darkness drop
To the pit of the swaying furrow,
Along its curving path to ride
With a green-black wall on either side
And a seething foam above?
That one who alone has power to move
Is close to us in the climbing steep,
Near to us in the pulsing deep;
His voice we hear in the water's sob,
His being feel in the water's throb.
Neither the storm nor the sea we fear,
Yet we quiver in awe, for He is near.

A Prayer for Stoic Strength

J. B. Noss

Franklin and Marshall College

Give me to drink of the frost bit morn,
With a calm soul—pure as its morning stars—
Which neither the splendor of a king
Nor penniless penury breaks or mars.

Give me the stoic's soul-felt scorn,
Of circumstance—be it crown or shroud,
Striving under oblivion's yoke,
Or the victor's wreath to live unproud.

Give me to lose at one stroke—all;
And to smile at the gray that would touch my hair,
Choosing rather to live by hope
Than to age in a relish of despair.

Give me an eye which neither courts
Nor shrinks from the gaze of any man,
Steeled with a judgment just and sure,
True to the world as to the clan.

Give me to play no timid part,
But let me stolidly bridge the span
From birth to bier, from sun to sun;
Give me to know myself a man.

Prayer of the Strong Men

MORRIS RYSKIND

Columbia University

This is the prayer the Strong Men make
When Fate has scattered their dreams to dust,
When in the game of Give-and-Take,
Life has parried their every thrust;
Though they have seen—with unfaltering eyes—
The end that awaits, they do not choose
The Easier Way—but each one cries,
“Give me the heart to fight—and lose!”

Some shall walk in the Easier Way—
But never a one of the curséd lot
But would trade his soul at the Judgment Day
With one of the band that Fame forgot.
For Fame is petty, and passes them by
(For hers is the Road that they would not choose).
And all that is left is their battle-cry:
“Give us the heart to fight—and lose!”

All that is left. . . . Ay, and enough!
Softer prayers for softer men!
Mine be the road that is hard and rough—
And mine to lose—and fight again!
Cravens, yours is an easy goal—
Mine is the Way that the Strong Men choose.
Your prize you win—but I keep my soul!
Give me the heart to fight—and lose!

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

A Man

ARCHIE L. MACKENZIE, JR.

Boston College

Love for the life and the man that lives,
 Forgiving his endless faults;
Love for the man who takes, who gives;
 Helping the beggar that halts;
Faith in life and all that it holds;
 Raising your soul from the mire;
Faith that time will straighten the folds,
 Faith that can never tire;
Entering in with a heart that is stout,
 Never losing your nerve;
Battered and battle-scarred, coming out
 With only what you deserve,
Taking your pain with a worked-up smile;
 Browning your soul with a tan;—
That is what God calls being worth while,—
 That is being a man.

Manana

JOHN DRURY SHEAHAN

Campion College

Why is it ever "tomorrow?"
 Why not for once "today?"
Why do I dream of the future
 While the present is slipping away?
I dream and while I am dreaming,
 The rich hours pass me by;
And I hear the soul's wild warning
 But I cannot heed the cry.
Ah, yes! it is pleasant and easy
 To scale Olympus in thought!
But what of Pelion and Ossa
 And the battles that now must be fought?
If idle dreams be thy choosing,
 Dead soul, then dream over this:
When Life's last candle is guttered
 Thou shalt dream of a vanished Bliss!

The Largest Soul

He (Shakespeare) was the man who of all modern, and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul.—DRYDEN.

DANIEL L. McELLIGOTT

Dubuque College

Thy soul a mirror was so vast and bright
It caught all forms of earth and sea and sky,
Reflecting them in magic blazonry
That thralls the wondering ages with its might;

And while it mirrored breadth and depth and height,
It voiced a clear world-ranging symphony
Till some did ask: A god, or man is he?
And yet one fault of thee, alas! we write:

On thy full canvas wrought are nature's ways,
Her moods are limned,—from firmament to clod,
Her silences, her groans, her chants of praise;
Man's thousand-passioned soul, the paths he trod
And treads of shame and glory all his days,—
But, largest soul, where is thy song of God?

The Bells of Carmel Mission

WILLIAM J. FENERAN

St. Mary's College

Softly o'er the valley stealing
Just at fall of evening time,
Comes the music of the Missions
Sweet and simple, yet sublime;
Softly o'er the valley calling
To her children, far and near:
"Come ye, come ye to old Carmel,
Come to prayer, all ye who hear."

Sweetly to the saint and sinner
Whisp'ring sweet of love to all,
Comes the chime of Carmel Mission—
Words of comfort in her call:
"Stop and heed the time, O children,
Christ, our Lord is hovering near,
Come ye, come ye to the Mission,
Come to prayer, all ye who hear."

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Life

MAURICE O'BRIEN

University of Detroit

The shining lake, the sluggish stream,
The forest aglow with the last sunbeam,
A short-lived pageant, a passing show,
Before the window they swiftly go.

And like those visions of earth and sky,
Life's scenes of joy and sorrow fly;
On, on we speed like the restless train
That thunders along through the golden grain.

Three Children

HENRY K. USHER

St. Louis University

Faith, Hope and Love—three children were at play.
Faith's eyes deep blue as heaven were, and wondrous mild.
His manner spoke his high descent; it seemed to lift
The child up into man's estate. His word—his act
'Twas strangely sage; so far his thought outran his years,
That I was loathe the while to hold him only child.
And ever Hope, the second child, looked far away.
Her eyes! In sooth I cannot tell their excellence.
But they were blue, and yet not deep as Faith's by far,
Though strangely like; and so I judged them near akin.
Indeed, thought I, should Faith depart, I might recall
Her brother's eyes from hers.

I turned, and lo! I saw
The fairy, Love—a prepossessing child, who seemed,
Not naturally, indeed but by mysterious way,
Their sister. And her eyes, they were two precious gems;
Not any common color, but like stars at dawn,
Deep, rainbow-stars—luminous and warm. And these
Within, I saw her spirit's self, like one wrapped fire
A-burning; and I knew full well that this was Love.

Bells of Silver

ADELAIDE D. V. BUNKER

Barnard College

A council of wise men met of a Winter's day,
The sun was hidden, the sky was a leaden gray.
Each wise man pondered and shook his white-locked head,
"Ah, the world is a dismal place," is what each one said.
"A sad and a wicked place," sighed the oldest one,
"And the worst of it is, there is nothing that can be done."
"No, nothing!" echoed each old man gray and grim—
The word with a hollow groan filled the chamber dim.

The council read musty scrolls from the dawn of time,
They listed each personal, civic and social crime;
And so they sat while Winter gave place to Spring,
Till laughter pulsed warm in the veins of each living thing.
Nor knew that the trees had discarded their icy sheen
For garments of delicate blossoms and budding green;
Knew not the warm breezes were sweet with the flowers of
 May,
Nor heard the birds chirp and the joyous-voiced children
 play.

At once a soft jingle of silvery bells and clear
Filled strangely the cobwebbed room with a voice of cheer:
A fool in the jester's motley peered slyly in
And his voice, like his bells, made a merry and pleasing din:
"Come out in the air and sunshine, graybeards!" he cried,
"Forget your old musty books and your learning drier;
Forget your discussions and weightily-worded strife,
Come out, come out and taste of the joy of life!"

The wise men were startled and rose with impatient frown,
And thus they answered the happy-hearted clown:
"The joy of the world is false, 'tis a mask for pain,
The only passion of life is a lust for gain;

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

We know there is heartbreak in every beautiful song,
We are wise with the wisdom of years and you must be
wrong.

We know that the world is burdened with sordid gold,
That even the noblest things can be bought and sold;
We know that each soul is laden with sorrow and sin."
But here the jester with silvery bells broke in:

"Oh, dull old men, ye are far too wise," quoth he.
"Come out, come out in the open air with me!
I'll show you things that can never be bought or sold;
I'll show you beings who care not a whit for gold,
And you shall listen to song-birds upon the wing,
There never is heartbreak hidden in what they sing—
I'll show you gold that is all undimmed by sin;
There is so much joy I know not where to begin!"

The wise men came, but "'Tis very strange," they said,
"For we have learned that joy in the world is dead."
Then one spied a child with a merrily-laughing face:
In wonder he cried aloud; "But I find no trace
Of sorrow or sin or passion in this fair child."
(The jester tinkled his silvery bells and smiled)
Another wise man saw a flower of purest gold,
So dainty, so fragile, so shy, yet so sweetly bold!
"Why, here is bright gold," he cried, "all unstained by sin!"
(And the fool's laughing bells made an even merrier din.)
A third wise man—hark! A song of bubbling glee
Like the unknissed rain or the rush of the wind on the sea:
"Oh, listen," he whispered as one breathes a breathless
prayer,
"There surely is not a sigh nor a heartbreak there!"

So each of them found as the fool led from place to place,
A blossom or tree or cloud or a lovely face,
Still fresh with the joy of youth or made sweet by age,

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1915-16

And these things sank deep in the heart of each reverent
sage.

"We thank you, fool," at the end of the day one said;
"Your folly is wisdom, our wisdom is false and dead.
Hereafter your silvery bells we shall bear with pride:
Their peals shall remind us that joy has not ever died,
Their ringing, like yours, cheer the heart of everyone,"
And the oldest wise man quavered: "Well said, my son."

So now the graybeards wander abroad and ring
Their bells like the tinkle of ice-free brooks in the Spring;
The tiniest children cling to their withered hands,
Their faces are loved and welcomed in many lands,
And whenever the laughter of silvery bells you hear,
You know that the wisest of wise men are somewhere near.

Reminiscence

J. NOWLES PAYNE

Oberlin College

There have been days like these before, warm-touched
And sweetened by the vaguely drifting breeze,
With day's late shadows holding flowers soft-couched
And easy laughter of the peaceful trees.
Once, not alone, I watched the quivering light
Rebuke, as now, the grayness of the stream,
And, not alone, I sang while deep'ning night
Absorbed the radiance of the wavelet's gleam.

But as I lie here now and drink the wind,
And feel the summer longings of the land,
And watch the sinking sun's long-lit caress,
My thoughts, that once were song, will not unbind;
My lips, that once made music, can but stand
Till thinking night shall speak my loneliness.

From a Window

KATHRYNE D. VAN DYKE *Mt. Holyoke College*

I was gazing down at the City street
Where the heterogeneous units meet
With a clashing, surging swell of sound
From the crowd that throngs along the ground,
From taxi-horn, from hurdy-gurdy,
And the shrill high note of a newsboy, sturdy,
From auto-trucks whose pounding beat
Drowns the dull thud of the plodding feet
Of horses straining at their toil.
And the picture of all this vast turmoil,
Kaleidoscopic, flashed on my brain
With a sudden blinding sense of pain.

• • • • •

So I turned to the book which near me lay
For a Tale to wile the time away.

• • • • •

Far back in the chivalrous days of yore
Dwelt a dark haired, dark eyed, valiant knight,
Who rode on a steed with one foot of white
(Otherwise black as the darkest night,)
And fared him forth to the castle hoar,
Where dwelt his love, with tresses bright.
Galloping, galloping, galloping on,
O'er hill and o'er valley the black steed has gone,
Galloping on over valley and hill,
Like the wind in its going they gallop on still.

In the courtyard he stands with the maiden fair,
And he whispers low in her timid ear;
A sigh, a smile, a parting tear,
And on his steed he holds her near,
Pressing his lips to her bright gold hair,
Grasping more firmly his trusty spear.

Galloping, galloping, galloping on,
O'er hill and o'er valley the black steed has gone,
Galloping on over valley and hill,
Like the wind in its going, they gallop on still.

They ride like the wind, but faster fly
The kin of the maid with gold head low
Bowed in fear o'er the saddle bow,
Faster than steed their arrows go.
The bright haired maid gives a piteous cry,
And her life blood falls to the ground below.
Galloping, galloping, galloping on,
O'er hill and valley the steed has gone,
Galloping on over valley and hill,
Like the wind in its going, they gallop on still.

They ride like the wind; he clasps her tight;
And urges forward the coal-black steed,
Who is bursting his heart to meet their need,
But his double burden is sore indeed.
An arrow pierces the black haired knight,
Another arrests the charger's speed.
Galloping, galloping, galloping on,
O'er hill and o'er valley the black steed has gone.
They will gallop no more. At the foot of a hill,
Lie steed, knight and maiden, all cold and still.

* * * * *

I put down the Tale of romance old.

* * * * *

On the City street, through the sunlight gold,
Came a rumbling, tumbling ash cart down,
Amid the traffic of the Town,
With the dusky smoke of ashes trail
Wrapping it round, like a cloudy veil.
A dark steed trod within the cloud,
With one white foot, and a bearing proud,
And by his side strode a man in gray
Like a pale dim wraith in the light of day.
Before a City house he stayed
The horse. Then forth there stepped a maid,

Flour dust clung to her soft gold hair,
Making her look like a spector there,
Ghost of the past. She shook her head;
Master and steed resumed their tread,
And wandered on, with the ashen cloud
Folded about them like a shroud.

• • • • •

I turned to the Book which open lay
For another Tale to wile the time away.

The Storm

CLEMENT C. DECHANT *Franklin & Marshall College*

The day was done and twilight spent.
Clouds gathered in the west,
The north wind strove; the north wind drove
Its forces to cope with the west.

The storms drew nearer from the west and north
Bringing evil, no one knew;
The livid light made a terrible sight
As it green and greener grew.

A rumbling thunder rolled over the hill
To be lost below in the plain;
Then all was still; the wind blew chill
And pattering, fell the rain.

Then awful silence; ghastly, weird—
The old world ceased to move.
The lightning flashed; the two storms clashed
And chaos reigned above.

The Heavens cleared and a beautiful moon
Smiled on the woes of men.
Shining peacefully there, you could almost hear:
"Arise! and build again."

I Was a Child

LESLIE B. BLADES

University of Oregon

I was a child those days, I know it now.
Each rose possessed its fay, each tree its sprite;
The sun, the moon, the stars all thrilled; but now
There is no beauty even in the night.

For as the old sweet spell lays hold on me,
And quick to greet the joy my pulses leap,
And down to praise my God I bend this knee,
Rebellion cries from out my deepest deep.

God? What is God?—these stars, this moon, this night?
And I, what am I then to be thus glad?
Where is tomorrow's sun? Who called it light?
And yet, why not? Why then should I be sad?

Joy, pain, dark, light, why then, what things are they?
The Absolute is all; these things are not.
They come, they go, a phantom's phantom play,
A changing absolute's phenomenal blot.

And Christ? and Calvary? they too are gone.
Oh God what is there left! My mother said—
But then her faith was like the dawn,
A promised radiant day, just made, then dead.

Yes, I was but a child those days, I know;
But they are gone; Oh give them back again!
What matter where I go, or do not go,
If only, faith and joy and dreams remain?

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Idols

EDWARD V. KILLEEN, JR. *Holy Cross College*

When I, a tiny little chap,
 Had wearied of my childish play,
My mother called me to her lap;
 And in a mother's loving way
She ran her fingers through my hair
 And pressed me closer to her heart,
Then softly asked if I'd take care
 Of her when old, or would we part.

I clenched my baby hands and swore
 That o'er my ship as queen she'd reign,
And both like Captain Kidd of yore
 We'd terrorize the Spanish Main.
She kissed away my gallant vow,
 And whilst she tucked me safe abed
A great round tear fell on my brow,
 In truth unlike a pirate maid.

Ill-fated was my bandit bold,
 Unnoticed slipped he to the rear,
To yield the fame of stolen gold
 Before the gallant engineer,
Who drove the mighty steel express
 Along the shining, singing rail
And waved his hand in mute address,
 To fade away in smoky trail.

So thus the years in passing by
 Brought fancied heroes great and small,
Each one to emulate I'd try;

The fireman, the knight, they all
Have one time lived and had their day,
And each shared honors with the best,
Then bid farewell, and stole away
To take his place amongst the rest.

Upon the hazy shelves of time,
Beneath a shroud of ancient dust,
Stand boyhood's idols once sublime,
Neglected now, below the crust
Of pleasure's whim and present joys;
And ever apt to break out through,
Just like unto discarded toys
When new ones lose their novel hue.

Changing Thoughts

RUTH E. ELLIOT

Lake Erie College

When you and I were young, dear,
Each Christmas seemed too far
Away, from year to year,
But then—was nought to mar.

When you and I were grown, dear
Each Christmas seemed too far
Away, to bear the year
That brought so much to mar.

But you and I are old, dear,
Each Christmas brings to mar,
No thought but it's too near,
To Christmastide, by far.

Girlhood

LINDA ANDERSON

Wesleyan College

- "What shall you do with your life?"
Comes the voice from afar—so clear,
To the girl with the dream in her eyes,
And the vision hovering near.
- "I would make of my life a flower,
A lily pure and white,
Of delicate modesty, purity,
Strong in the strength of Right.
- "I would make of my life a sunbeam,
Flitting from place to place,
Turning earth's sorrow to gladness,
Its sickness and want to efface.
- "I would make of my life a message
Of hope to toilers through life
Who are ready to lay down their burdens
And leave the turmoil and strife.
- "I would that the eyes of the old folks
Might brighten when I am near;
That their dear old hearts would glow
At my words of love and cheer;
- "That my presence would soothe the sufferer;
That the dying would whisper my name;
That the little child would lisp it—
Oh, how much sweeter than fame!
- "And now with my youth and girlhood
What do I wish to do?
Why, work in my Master's vineyard,
And hear His 'Well done!' when I'm
through."

Remembrance

WINIFRED WELLES

Barnard College

I stood knee deep in the stream and looked at him over my
 shoulder,
 My love, who came down through the winnowing gras-
 ses to me,
Young was his mouth and as warm as the white stones under
 the water,
 He held my face in his hands while he gave me kisses
 three—
 And he said he would love me forever,
 Not an hour or a day or a lifetime,
I thought his voice was the voice of a lark somewhere close
 to the sun
 Singing of love that would last forever
 Till love itself was done.

Is it an hour or all life since we laughed with the wind on
 the water,
 The wind that shook into flames the shadows heaped at
 our feet?
Where is the light of the day that I may run down through
 the meadow
 To stand with my young, fair love where the sun drips
 gold and sweet?
 While he says he will love me forever—
 On the dark, drifting tides of the river
Pale are the lilies, the stars of the noon, opening one by one,
 Hushed is the song of the lark forever
 And love itself is done.

Memories

EDWARD EUSTACE

Fordham University

When the wine has ebbd and the feast is ended,
The dance is spent and the vial hushed;
When the day with the cares and the joys it blended
Sleeps with the souls it enflamed or crushed;
Then the heart draws the cord of the hazy curtain
Which hangs o'er the days and the deeds of yore
And treads with a step that is firm and certain
The path of life it has trod before.

Then the spirit bonds of the past are broken :
Come the hopes and the fears of the bygone days,
A word that was harsh and a word soft spoken,
The gall of loss, and the wine of praise;
Comes a thought that stings, and an answer steel-edged,
And the haunting air of a nursery tune,
A rose heart-red, and a rose all thorn-hedged,
And a dead rose cut in a buried June.

But the dead are gone : they have passed, we follow ;
There's an end of toil and an end of love,
And the deed that was true and the deed that was hollow
Are gold and gilt in the Book above.
Yet the heart dreams deep of the days departed,
As the wanderer thinks of the hearth-side glow
Of his chidhood hours, and the hills uncharted
Where a veil of spray washed the crags below.

Sundown

LEO V. JACKS

St. Mary's College

I watched the golden sun
Sink in the glowing west,
The summer's day was nearly done,
The flowers drooped, and one by one
The cloudlets sank to rest.

An eve of perfect peace
Followed the long, long day;
As friendly Night brought soft surcease
Of heat and wind, the cloud's white fleece
Shone in the sun's last ray.

I watched a life's race run,
Sinking amid the west;
The long, hard course was nearly done,
The friends of youth had one by one
Gone ere the eve to rest.

A night of calm repose
Fell on the long drawn strife
And the last low prayer that ling'ring rose
Was a breath of thanks that a peaceful close
Was given the well spent life.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

The Pattern

GERTRUDE JOHNSON

Rockford College

Weave the warp and weave the woof,
Colors gay and colors sad;
Shadow, sunlight; sorrow, joy;
Dreams and actions, true and false;
In and out the fabric grows.
Do you blindly weave and weave?
Know you what the pattern is?
Life of inner thought the warp,
Life of outer deed the woof,
Woven into one design,—
Know you what the end will be?

Being

ARTHUR LEO ZAGAT

City College, N. Y.

The seen is seen, the unseen minds us not,
Nor question we the giving of our lot.
For they have said *IT MUST BE SO*,
And so, *IT MUST BE SO*.
Our puny strivings avail us naught,
Nor all our pigmy power.
For from the day
When first the world was borne
From out the vasty deep
This moment's acts were known, and naught we do
Can turn the course of things one jot.

Like a child's boat
Upon Niagara's flood,
We sweep along, nor know
Whence we start forth
Nor where the current bears us.
To the brink at last we come,
And, pausing but a short, short space,
Plunge downward, *WHERE?*

The Bell Buoy Rings

DAVID SAGE

Clark College

The bell buoy rings; a lifeless clang
From its spray-washed tongue o'er the waves is borne:
No herald, that note of a happier dawn,
But a song of death, in the deep, alone,
Where God forgets his own.

The bell buoy rings; and echoing far,
In a sea-dirge sighs of a watery hell;
But the storm, deaf-mute to the sailor's knell,
Takes a toll of life, and the requiem-moan
Says, God forgets his own.

Life and Death

SIGOURNEY THAYER

Amherst College

Life and death go hand in hand
Through this world of ours so drear,
And the things we hold most dear
Live but for a day and pass
Like a breath upon a glass
Or a footprint on the sand.

Sometimes, though, a passing breath
Leaves upon the glass a trace
Which all time cannot erase;
And for endless years there stands,
When all else has passed in death,
One small footprint on the sands.

The Funeral

RICHARD J. BROYLES

Emory University

Slow down the street the weird procession moves,
All dimmed by silken drapings, deeply dyed.
A hush is in the air. How slow and well
The handsome horses walk, as though it were
A crime to hasten in their dreary task! . . .
The people stop, and gaze, all mute, and with
Their faces solemn as the tomb to which
The dark procession moves. Even the babes
Look on, and do not stir. . . (Ah Death, how strange
To make the people stop their labor and
Their play to gaze on thee. A common thing
Thou art, and quite a frequent visitor). . .
The drivers sit high-perched upon their seats,
As stiff as moulded brass. And they alone
Display a look of lordly pride, as if
Along with Death they were Life's conquerors. . .
The dead man owned a mass of fertile land,
And claimed a host of workmen who unto
His wealth paid homage. . . (Ah! The mockery!
A woman laughed in that large carriage. . .
His daughter, yes. Better be poor, and share
His children's love.). . How long it is! Surely
There are near thirty carriages, and all
Moving so slowly down the patient street. . .
There is the end. The people scatter now.
The last of the procession crawls up the
Steep hill. The little babes again look up
Into their mothers' eyes, and smile. The boy
Re-strings his top. The workmen burst into
A gay, old song. . . And thus the world goes on.

The Leaves — They Sing the Song of Life

FRED S. OPPENHEIMER

Columbia University

Green with the sap of the summer we rustled

And sighed; but the sighing was not of despond,
'Twas that of the athlete, full-blooded, trim-muscled,
Who breathes deep the joy when his sinews respond.

Gone is the joy and the thrill of our struggling—

The zest of it's gone when the victory's found—
Now, tired of our life and the whims of the juggling,
Contented, in ripeness, we fall to the ground.

L'Envoi

ERIK ACHORN

Bowdoin College

The World's grim corpse, its gaping wounds
Are veiled in sheet of spotless snow.
Afar, a dying church bell sounds,
And home lights smoulder sad and low.

The tale is done, the journey past;
We're surfeited with lust and strife.
The Christmas night sweeps low at last.
Show us the way to better life.

*Oh crying souls, and foolish too,
Ye cannot break the deathless law.
The mills of God grind slow, 'tis true;
But naught escapes Time's grinning maw.*

*Cover the embers; cease to fret.
The God of right is working still.
An infant smile, has more good yet
Than earth's worst flood of hate can kill.*

END



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